

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1856.

WRITING AND WRITERS.

BY J. D. BELL.

OF all the various methods of influencing mind, there is, I think, none which gives possession to an individual of a larger and higher power than that of authorship. The points of pens are the most effectual ways of escape for the electricity of thought. To the strong writer all men owe something of their mental and moral strength. This man is not merely the man for certain special occasions of human demand; he is the every-day achiever for his race. Every great writer is a standing surety for the world's progress. The other exerters of influence over men, with a slight change of their circumstances, must fail; but he never needs to fail, except it be in the one case of a government hostile to the spread of intelligence and sworn to blot out every shining luminary of spiritual light. And in all such instances of soul-enslaving domination, of course, the tactician, the artist, the orator, and the inventor, those other eminent wielders of influence in society, must retreat, with the writer, to the dens and caves of silence. But taking the same arena for each class of actors to operate in, I think you can not fail to see the superiority of power possessed by those men whose business it is to write the standard books of communities, nations, and the world. It is sometimes imagined that the tactician is, of all other men, the most effective and triumphant transformer of mankind. But you will perceive this to be a mistaken presumption, as soon as you consider to what limitations his power is reduced. His great days are days of battle only. Out of the field he is no more than a common man. His greatness is one-sided. The superior tactician can not be greatly superior in any thing out of the range of tactics. He is devoted to a propensity, and this propensity is usually an ungovernable ambi-

tion—that which Seneca calls “a gulf and a bottomless abyss, where every thing is lost that is thrown in, and where, though you were to heap province upon province and kingdom upon kingdom, you would never be able to fill up the mighty void.” There never yet was a famous military hero who could conquer himself. Alexander the Great was the weakest of men off of his horse. He was so weak, indeed, as to lay a wager of a thousand talents, and try to win it himself, for the man who could gulp down the largest quantity of wine without bursting. The “conqueror of the world” could not but own himself beaten by the fortunate Promachus, whose stomach was strong enough for eighteen pints. Themistocles was but a dwarf of a man in times of peace. He had not self-control enough to keep himself from committing suicide, at the last, by drinking bull's blood. The fame of great tacticians has in it, at best, but little true glory—scarcely ever sufficient to insure the consecration of a name or a triumph to a pleasurable remembrance in the heart of humanity. It is not the renown of intellect, but of passion; not the renown of power, but of prowess. Tecumseh and Black-Hawk, though they had never been educated in French or English, were yet as brave and lion-hearted as were Napoleon and Wellington.

Again: consider the extent to which the artist is able to influence the minds of men. You will see that to his empire also there are certain limits which go to make him less powerful than the writer. It belongs to the artist to operate upon only the finer susceptibilities of the human soul. His mission is to wean men from the false pleasures of the flesh, by making them appreciative of refined factitious forms. He aims to bring men under the sway of the beautiful. The immediate result of his labors is the expression of inward ideals of harmony through outward sym-

bols; and the ulterior result of them is the impartation of a stronger relish for intellectual than for organic enjoyments. He can thus effectively reach and move only the minds of a few; for it is but a few, indeed, over whom the models of art hold a perceptible sway. Angelo and Raphael had to creep their way to the souls of the masses, and even at that were compelled often to stop long and plead for entrance at the retinas of indolent eyes. Mozart and Beethoven left behind them no such melodies to haunt and thrill the spirits of the generations of men that have moved over their dust, as did Dante and Petrarch. What is Sir Christopher Wren, with his monumental St. Paul's, to Shakspeare, with his monumental poetry! Art has its purpose to fulfill, and a noble one, too; but it is a slow reformer of men. It may elevate and charm, but, of itself, it can never civilize; it may polish men, but it can never regenerate them.

But, again: compare the influence at the command of the orator with that at the command of the writer. The orator, it is true, wields a potent wand over men; but his empire, you know, includes only certain occasions of public interest and excitement. He is mankind's minute-guide for great exigencies. Upon his strength the masses lean for support and safety on their days of unforeseen peril. His contact with men is, therefore, necessarily close; and, for the time, he will have more power to influence mind than any other individual, perhaps; but the difference will be, that the influence he exerts must, in the nature of things, be less lasting, while it is more powerful, since he has more to do with the passions than with the reasons of those upon whom his exertions are spent. In his appropriate capacity he can go to great heights and depths, lengths and breadths, in the wide realm of human nature, arousing and enchainning the souls of men by the myriad spells and witcheries of spontaneous eloquence; convincing and persuading by bright and suddenly revealed harmonies of natural logic; and moving to action by extemporary touches and appeals, whose delicacy of adaptation and beauty of pathos completely overpower the strongest prejudice and disarm the most settled resistance. But, after all, the audience and the occasion must constitute the life and the world, in which his individuality can be deeply felt, vividly seen, and unmistakably acknowledged. Oratory alone, however powerful it may be, can never insure a high historic fame. It is too much the force of impulse, and too little the force of reflection. Its impressions are like those made by the storm upon the waters of the ocean.

It has its elements of terrible power, produces its whirl of activity and foam of excitement in the souls of men, but when the day of its inspiration is over—when its mighty "mouthfuls of spoken wind" have ceased to shiver and blast, then the wild billows of passion they have stirred up and carried mountain high sink back to rest, and there is a great calm. The name of Demosthenes might never have come down to us, with the dazzling luster it has around it to-day, had he not, in silence, toiled upon his speeches previous to their delivery, with a pen in his hand, till, as Pytheas said, "all his arguments smelt of his lamp." Who knows how many a thrilling orator has lived and died in the world, leaving no record behind him to prove to posterity how he charmed men in his own day and generation? Little would we have known of the wise Ulysses, and his power to send forth from his great voice words "like snow-flakes," had not the blind bard of Scio, through the medium of his Iliad and Odyssey, made him famous in history. And what would have become of the glory of Pericles, as an orator, had not Thucydides committed to writing, in a few brief but beautiful sketches, some of the echoes of that inspired man's eloquence that had lingered in his memory? Socrates might have been a reformer for all ages of the world, had he written down upon paper as many wise words as he gave to the air in his long war with the incorrigible sophists. The self-sacrificing, heroic old philosopher, with all his wisdom, made a great blunder when he said to Phædrus, as Plato has recorded it, "Writing, indeed, Phædrus, has this inconvenience, and truly resembles painting. For its productions stand out as if they were alive, but if you ask them any question they observe a solemn silence. And so it is with written discourses; you would think that they spoke as though they possessed some wisdom; but if you ask them about any thing they say, from a desire to understand it, they give only one and the self-same answer. And when it is once written, every discourse is tossed about every-where, equally among those who understand it and among those whom it in no wise concerns, and it knows not to whom it ought to speak and to whom not. And when it is ill-treated and unjustly reviled, it also needs its father to help it, for, of itself, it can neither defend nor help itself." Socrates had forgotten, when he spoke these words, that great paintings and great writings carry the life of souls in them, and, with eloquent tongues, commune with the inquiring and the susceptible. And he had forgotten, too, that it is the duty of every man, who

is in advance of his own generation, in thought and knowledge—a duty which he owes as well to himself as to those who are to live after him—to compose some true and noble work, that shall carry forward the currents of his rich life, to freshen and bless the ages to come. As all radicals are in danger of doing, he pushed his one idea to an extreme. He was too fond of street speaking. He had even come to regard his peculiar way of showing men their ignorance and teaching them wisdom, by debating them out of their wits and tempers, as the only method of successfully influencing mind. In ignoring the false styles of writing, peculiar to the sophist, he went so far as to ignore that true style of writing, which is the source of the most dignified learning, and secret of the most substantial fame. How much more useful a man might he have made himself, both to the Athenians and to the men of all after generations, had he retired from the noisy, dusty market-place—that place, of all others, the least appropriate for a thoughtful, inquisitive, and critical philosopher—and spent some good portion of his life in laboring to produce models of writing, to be inspirers and teachers of mankind, when his tongue should be silent in death! Just compare the influence exerted by Socrates upon our race, since the days of Grecian glory, with that exerted by Plato, or Aristotle, or Xenophon. Indeed, we may well doubt whether, had it not been for this trio of great ancient writers, we should ever have known any thing, that could be relied upon, of the old master-talker, with the flouting phiz and uncouth garb; yet, to his honor, with temperate habits and an extraordinary “beauty in the inner man.”

Who knows how much genius has gone to waste in our world from the mere want of a recording pen to write down its precious thoughts and sayings? A beautiful provision—and one, too, for which our race can never be thankful enough—was that made by the Founder of the religion of Christianity for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of his own words and doctrines, in turning a few humble, poor, illiterate fishermen of Galilee into inspired masters of the pen. The prophetic eye of Christ foresaw those ages of deep spiritual darkness that were to come, when the fresh tones of that unearthly eloquence, which made the Jews tremble and roused the Gentiles from their long barbarian sleep, would cease to ring in human ears, and when the only hope of the world would be a heavenly Gospel, with its array of thrilling words and sublime teachings.

But once more, and finally, let us ask you to

contemplate the power of the writer in comparison with that of the inventor. And here permit us to observe, in the outset, what you will at once perceive to be the case, that writing, whether understood in the scientific or literary sense, is but a higher form of the labor of invention. The writer and the inventor are only the two grades of one and the same order of operators. Each is engaged to produce new wholes by the combination of previously-existing or previously-fashioned parts. With the one the parts are ideas, the wholes pages and books. With the other the parts are material contrivances, the wholes tools and machines. It is true, that when the term invention is made use of, an image usually arises in the mind, very different from that of a man, with a pen in his hand, bending over a sheet of white paper. One's thoughts instantly fly rather to retired workshops and experiment-rooms, where silent, self-denying men spend long days, and often months, with their eyes and their fingers strained upon bits of mysterious machinery. But allow us to submit that there are other inventors than such as wear leather aprons and handle shop-tools. An indefatigable man toiling over a scrip-ridden desk to weave living thoughts into effective words and sentences, paragraphs and chapters—struggling there often with difficulties unknown only to himself; now serenely rejoicing in the prospect of success near at hand, and now patiently enduring the pain of temporary disappointment; at one moment triumphantly confident of the merit of what he has already achieved of his task and reviewing his work with a pleasurable interest, and at another dashing out, at one spasmodic stroke, all that he has done and half-despairing in the dream that he has been deceiving himself, and will find, at the last, the ideal which has haunted his brain and absorbed all his faculties of thought, to be no more than a foolish phantom of an overwrought imagination—what can such a man be, if he is not an inventor? Except it be in the species of labor about which such class of laborers is employed, and the manner in which the rewards due to them respectively are distributed, I can see no essential difference between those men called inventors and those known as writers. Guttenberg invented the art of printing, and Bunyan invented *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Archimides invented his forms of the Mechanical Powers, and Euclid invented his geometrical demonstrations. Archilochus invented Iambic verse, and Aristotle invented his Rhetoric. Essentially the same joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, successes and failures, so far as their effect

on the mind of the individual is concerned, have gone hand in hand, since the very morning of history, with the labors of invention and the labors of authorship. And hence the same kind of dignity belongs to the associations that surround the great books of the world as that which belongs to the associations clustering around the useful arts. I say the same kind of dignity, but mean not to say the same in degree. Writing is the noblest species of invention, and hence its models must carry with them a higher significance and more impressive marks of distinction than those created by shop ingenuity. The writer is often, so to speak, the inventor of inventors. How many a great invention of art owes its existence to the written works of some illustrious thinking man? And how many a distinguished inventor owes his fame and fortune to the same source? Inventions are generally the results of suggestions made through the medium of the pen. Books, if you do but know it, lie at the bottom of civilization. Every invention has had its suggestor and its contriver, its penman and its shopman to produce it. Who knows how many a fine conception and creation of art has had its origin in Newton's *Principia* and *Optical Lectures*? History tells us that the *Georgics* of Virgil suggested improvements that changed the agricultural aspect of all Italy. There never was a great original treatise put forth that did not set its cluster of inventive minds at work, just as every newly-grown fructiferous plant feeds the life-energies of its troop of insects or birds. It would be an interesting task to trace each of all the great inventions that have originated in hints dropped from the pens of fertile writers, thus far, in the history of the world, back to its first suggestive scratches upon paper. Thus you see how much higher in rank written works are than labor-saving machines and all the other useful arts. But it would seem that society, in distributing her rewards, has not had a regard to this palpable preponderance of merit and dignity on the side of the writer. Patent-rights have always been much better remuneration for labor than copy-rights. You can count your scores of fortunate machine-inventors to your tens of fortunate book-inventors. Just think of the many poets who have died too poor to purchase a decent burial! What volumes of truth are couched in the terse saying of our historian, Prescott, "There is little danger of finding too much gold in the bowels of Parnassus!" How many peniless authors have bequeathed fortunes to advertising booksellers, in manuscripts, whose precious contents were scouted by the men of their own

time, as empty and worthless! Why was Arkwright made rich by his spinning-wheel, and John Milton paid so poorly for his *Paradise Lost*? Why was Jacquard rewarded so munificently for his knitting-machine, and why was Thomas Dick denied so long, in his old age, the pittance of a pension of fifty pounds a year as the reward of his countrymen for the writings of a laborious lifetime? Why, all along the ages of human enlightenment and progress, have writers, as a class, been left to struggle with poverty, while the cases in which any of the other classes of workers for society have failed of obtaining rich rewards for their services, have been few indeed? Has not this very class of men done more toward civilizing mankind than any other? What would the nations of the world have to boast of to-day, had it not been for their hard-working, ill-rewarded authors?

It must be confessed that we are all too apt to lose sight of the dependence of the great interests of our race upon the few who are master-wielders of the pen. Just consider, for a moment, the value of the literary writer to mankind. And by the term writer, of course, the literary writer is generally meant to be understood. You will observe, now, how far-reaching his scope of action and influence must be. It is his to develop and classify the concealed relations and truths of every interesting theme of study. He takes up the empires of visible and invisible existence, and goes on to explore them further and further. The scientific inquirer is more or less confined to certain central tracts of research. It will not do for him to undertake too broad a survey with his methods of strict and rigid analysis. There are chosen centers of development from which he must not work out very far. Science, you know, will not bear excessive detail. Its text-books demand, above all things, comprehensiveness of statement and centralization of matter. Your mental philosophy does not contain all it is permitted you to know about the nature and workings of the human mind. And just so it is with every attempt at scientific classification. The classifier of this kind of truth must pause on a circumference of limited diameter, and shut his eyes upon an infinite beyond stretching out from it every way. Your attainments, as a scholar, can be but to a small degree, indeed, made up of knowledge that has been developed and arranged under the name of science. You can, at best, only be said to begin your life of learning with such knowledge, somewhat as the tyro astronomer begins his study of the vast universe, with a few stars grouped into

familiar systems and constellations. You soon find yourself ushered into realms of truth that have never been entirely traversed and explored. It is only here and there, on these strange domains, that you can find any relief from one dim vista of relations that have never been generalized, and that form a puzzling chaos, which puts to the severest test the best modes of classification and the keenest energies of constructive mind. And these reliefs, mark you—these fruitful fields of systematized truth—are the clearings that have been made by those pioneer writers, whose mission it is to conquer and cultivate the territories of the wild unknown, and make them yield rich and beautiful harvests. Every good writer you have ever read has thus opened to you, in some distant wilderness-land, reaching out far beyond the borders of science, bright, blooming gardens of truth, where your thoughts have luxuriated in balmy delight. We are not often aware how much we depend for those beautiful harmonies of thought that nourish and amuse our minds, and tend to preserve and perfect our relish for knowledge upon the literary writer. Did you ever think that every well-written essay you have ever read was but a development of relations, containing an order as exquisite as any in science? And these little systems of charming truth; these miniature sciences that are reared up in the realms of unclassified affinities, and that illustrate the power of genius to discover and harmonize the hidden and the chaotic, make up, if you do but know it, the very essence of a broad and practical scholarship.

But to get a more distinct view of the extent to which we are dependent upon the literary writer for our richest intellectual entertainments and blessings, let us just glance at a few of those masters of the pen who may be regarded as representatives of some of the different styles of writing.

You know there is one style of writing, which, as you read it, has the effect to throw the mind into a mood of pleasant inspiration. It raises the tone of thought by a certain agreeable intoxication of the spirit, which is followed by no reaction of dull debility. It, in other words, excites without making weary. The only complete living representative of this style of writing, I think, is Washington Irving. He is what we might call an eclectic writer. He carefully chooses his thoughts and words, and sets before us only the sweetest and most exhilarating. His writings have a calm stateliness about them. Every book he puts forth seems to be a sort of majestic river, rolling forward its clear, bright

waters, always at nearly the same level, and our minds float along on its quietly palpitating bosom lost in delectable musings. You remember, perhaps, how his clear and cheerful thoughts ravished your inmost soul when you first drank of their vernal outpourings. You remember with what an improved heart you laid aside the bright volumes that had come from his pen; how much pleasanter the old world seemed to you afterward for many a long, laborious year; how much stronger an enchantment distance lent to all your prospects in life. He lifted your soul up from the low dust of earthly desires and devotions, and made you calmly, purely, and nobly thoughtful. Writers of this class could not easily be spared from mankind. There are hours in every man's life when his mind needs something gently inspiring. It is too care-fretted to relish the sterner productions of intellect. It is out of humor with philosophy, and refuses to be taxed with the dry details of history. And yet it is not willing to brook the fatigue of doing nothing. It needs a grateful elevation and excitement—such as it can derive from no other source than the writings of those literary men whose souls, like that of Irving, overflow with cheerful and inspiring thoughts.

But not always do our minds need to be refreshed by the works of this class of calm, genial, generous-hearted writers. Most of our hours of reading are such as need to be filled with sturdy intellectual action. Our mental powers are more often ready harnessed for hard work. The mind soon grows almost irrecoverably drowsy and imbecile if not frequently tasked with exercises that demand deep and penetrating thought. Nothing so easily falls into cowardly subjection to appetite and ease as an unexerted mind. Every great man has had to struggle, many a time, to recover the mental energy lost in the relaxation of a temporary repose. Not a sound book was ever written but might have had for its preface a long narrative of successive strivings to dissolve the spells riveted upon the soul during short recreative cessations from labor. Spinoza was once offered a piece of gold, but refused it, lest it should divert him from his stern tasks. Demosthenes, you know, had to shave half his head and seclude himself in a cave to foil the tendency of his mind to forget its great purposes and run to listless leisure. Do the best we can, there will be times when we feel averse to attempting any thing that requires the straining of our nerves, and when our minds must be almost driven to earnest action, if they act earnestly at all. Hence the need of writings full of deep,

vigorous, soul-stirring thought. The class of writers that write in this style may be divided into two orders. The style of the first order has its representative writer in Thomas Carlyle. In his writings we have what may be called a rushing of thought. His mind seems to go over his pages in a wide-sweeping torrent. His words and sentences are not merely inspiring, but thrilling and overpowering. He even hurries too fast to be sententious and eclectic in expression. He can not spend time to get the best of words. With him the spontaneous thought is all in all. He fears to delay to chasten his language, lest the inspiration of the moment may be too much dissipated. He could write better, but he will not. He is resolved to write just as he thinks. Hence his theory of "Unconsciousness of all healthy, vital action in Man," as made known in his essay on "Characteristics." He assumes, to use his own words, that "the healthy understanding is not the logical or argumentative, but the intuitive; for the end of understanding is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe." Thus he denies the title of true genius to the logician, however triumphant in the use of his art he may be. The debater, he would say, is too cool and reflective for healthy vital action. With a like flourish of his intuition-moved pen, he does away, apparently, with all rules of oratory and rhetoric. Oratory, according to him, should be the unconscious out-gushing of the thought, and the written word should be the unconscious copying of the thought. "The orator," says he, "persuades and carries all with him, he knows not how; the rhetorician can prove that he ought to have persuaded. The one is unconscious, as if he had no system; the other knows that he has a system." And applying the same theory to the moral actions of man, he quotes, as the vehicle of his conception of spontaneity here the Scripture text, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Whether this theory of unconsciousness or intuition be true or false, it is not my business now to discuss. It is enough to assure the reader that in his apparent practice of it Carlyle has been able to wield a mighty influence over the minds of men. By his bold, extemporaneous, outright, slashing words, how many a dull, listless soul has he roused to vigorous life and made manlier to dare and to do!

The style of the other order of the school of writers under consideration has its representative, I think, in Ralph Waldo Emerson. In this writer we have an illustration of the power of an intense *consciousness* of vital energy and force.

And, by the way, you will mark in him a living argument against the theory of Carlyle, as far, at least, as it applies to logic and rhetoric. The style of Emerson is remarkable for its epigrammatic comprehensiveness. It exhibits few, if any, evidences of a free indulgence to the momentary promptings of inspiration. It everywhere indicates an almost rigid subjection of passion to reason, word to thought. It is the compact studied style of proverbs. Carlyle is the fast, Emerson the slow writer. In Carlyle the critics have a mark for their arrows in the expression; in Emerson, in the idea. The one writes too spontaneously, the other thinks too spontaneously. Carlyle makes his readers the better actors; Emerson makes his the better thinkers. Both arouse and thrill you; but the one quickens your blood, the other your nerves. I can not agree with those who denounce Emerson as a writer of corrupting influence. I think we greatly need just such thoughts and words as his. We need them to make us more earnest of soul; more eager to inquire into the grounds and causes of things; more strong to cope with the hard problems of our being and destiny; more anxious to know what the foundations of our beliefs and theories are; more interested in every thing that possesses and affords true intelligence; and more careless of the whimsical fashions and absurd accomplishments of life.

It would be an interesting task to pursue this part of my essay further on, and consider the characteristics and value of other representative writers that might be named and dwelt upon with advantage, but my limits forbid this gratification. I must be content to touch upon one consideration, partly supplementary to, and partly suggested by the views already taken of the theme that has been before us, which is of too much importance to be passed over. It is the value of the exercise of writing considered as a means of intellectual improvement. The deep, vigorous writer is, of all men, the one who contains within his mind the most valuable intelligence. There is realized, to him, in the very process to which he subjects his mental powers, a perpetual education and instruction. That which you have once labored upon with confidential perseverance and patient application, you never cease, you know, to have a special interest in. This law of human nature extends, with its full force, to the labors of literary composition. The results of a successful attempt at writing upon any theme, can not but possess to their achiever a value, which no equal amount of achievement, made in any other manner, can possess. It is in

this way that writing comes to be a constant nourishing and improving of the mind. I do not suppose that our great writers compose all their works, or a few of them even, merely to accommodate popular demands. They, more often, write to gain richer intellectual possessions; to explore what they are unwilling to have hidden from their eager eyes; to conquer what challenges their insatiable curiosity. Many a book there is in our libraries to-day, perhaps, which, though it may seem to us to be a solitary success, was, nevertheless, composed while its author was on his way to some greater book in his career of literary triumph. Every powerful writer is a master of discoveries made by himself in his hours of silent, careful disquisition, that would have been valueless to him, perhaps, had he got them at second-hand. When an author has finished a great work, you may set it down that he is now far better able to produce a greater work than he was then to produce that one. Who can conceive how much mental and moral wealth Butler stored up in the discoveries he made while composing the mighty structure of his *Analogy*? Who can conceive to what an extent Plutarch enriched his mind with the heroic sayings and noble anecdotes he gathered while writing his *Lives and Parallels of Illustrious Greeks and Romans*?" "People may say this and that," said Sir Walter Scott, "of the pleasure of fame, or of profit, as a motive of writing; I think the only pleasure is in the actual exertion and research, and I would no more write upon any other terms than I would hunt merely to dine upon hare-soup."

#### THE FOSSIL WORLD.

WITH the structure and functions of animals which inhabited the earth previous to its occupation by man, we have no familiarity. We see them only in their graves of stone, and beneath their monuments of marble—creations which can not again die, and with which every thing mortal has ceased to be associated. Time, in its most hoary aspect, has invested them with a hallowed and a mystic character. The green waves have washed them in their coral beds, and after ages of ablation in a tempestuous sea, the ordeal of a central fire has completed their purification. The bones, and the integuments, and the meanest products of animal life, have thus become sainted relics which the most sensitive may handle, and the most delicate may prize.—*Brewster.*

#### CHARITY OF THE NOVELIST.

WHO can cite a case of the novel-reader being made more considerate of the wants of the poor by fiction? Whose purse is open to *real* want by the false pictures and puffing sentimentalities of Dickens and Sue? It is conscience or love that unlocks the grasp of avarice, not the fancy or the imagination. We have always suspected the writers of this class of playing a false game; for true charity has no fellowship with debauchery; and the man who can fan to a consuming flame the baser passions, can not on the same pages kindle the fires of benevolence and self-denial.

The following paragraph, from the Paris correspondent of a Boston paper, unmasks one of these pseudo-philanthropists completely. Will the philanthropy of his readers rise higher than that of the author?

"Not many months since, Sue used to visit, almost daily, one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Madame de —, and hold forth in her richly-furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de —, at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue; 'but though my gifts are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms.'

"That afternoon, as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags, prayed for charity.

"Go away," was the stern reply.

"But I am starving: give me a single copper to purchase bread with!"

"I will give you in charge of a police-officer, if you thus annoy me."

"You will!" said the beggar; 'and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor; you are the working-man's champion; you are'—

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Madame de —," was the reply; and the disguised lady stepped into her carriage, which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his reflections."

THEY who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose, and who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

## THE MISSION OF CHILDREN.

LOVE'S WITCHERY.

BY REV. H. F. ANDREWS.

"YOUR mother's darling!" and the *girl-mother*, for such indeed she was, clasped her boy to her heart and wept upon his noble brow and rosy cheek tears of wildest joy.

He was, indeed, a fine little fellow, in whose beautiful features were clustered the charms of three golden summers, and his mild blue eye, beaming with love, was wet with sympathetic tears, as he lay them on his mother's heart, with his chubby arms around her neck, and his glowing cheek nestled close to hers.

Willie was playing in the warm bow-window of the snug little parlor, and the young mother was sitting listlessly with her hands folded in her lap, and her work by her side, thinking of the joyous past. She thought of her happy childhood, of her pleasant home and loving parents. She thought, too, of the freedom of her girlhood, when she gathered with the gay and thoughtless, herself the happiest of the happy. And as she contrasted the past with the present, so full of care, and anxiety, and labor; and as she glanced out upon the future, and saw increasing cares, and anxieties, and labors, she could not help weeping tears of sorrowful regret. Her weeping arrested the attention of her little son, and he looked up, wondering to see his mother's grief and look of sorrow; and throwing down his mimic horse, he ran to her side and climbed upon her knee, and, clasping his loving arms around her neck, said, in his sweetest tones,

"Don't cry, dear mamma, Willie loves you. Does mamma love Willie?"

"*Your mother's darling!*" was the gushing response of maternal affection; and in a moment the "spirit of evil" was gone—exorcised from the mother's heart by the sweet tones and twining arms of her cherub boy. And in the wilderness of her returning joy she thought she would not exchange her condition as the mother of that little one, and the wife of her noble-hearted husband, for the throne of a kingdom. And what magic power had so changed her in a brief moment from deep despondency to exulting felicity? We answer—love's witchery.

The mission of the child is emphatically a mission of love; and it is well-nigh impossible for a family of little ones to gather daily in the home circle, without producing positive, and, indeed, sometimes wonderful results by the influence of their simple affection. The hearts of the parents will be affected by the love of their

children, and often, like the young mother to whom we have already alluded, they will find the whole current of thought and feeling changed in a moment from deep dejection and sadness to real happiness, by the simple, earnest love of their prattling little ones.

I have watched the man of business as he returned, care-worn and weary, from his struggle with the world—his spirit irritated by constant friction, and his heart full of doubt and distrust; and as he entered the door of his sunny home, and met the cheerful smile of a kind wife, and felt around his neck the twining arms of his little ones, and received their kisses, and heard their words of love, I have marked the sudden change which thrilled through his whole being. How quickly did that care-worn look give place to the beamings of reciprocated love! And the intruding of the flood of day through the opened shutters of a darkened room is not more happy or immediate in its effects than was the flooding of his darkened heart with the light of that domestic scene.

A moment before and the world seemed to him all gloom. Selfishness was its ruling passion. Men promised as she dictated, and at her vile promptings broke their plighted faith. He had well-nigh lost his confidence in humanity, and was almost ready to declare that love was but a phantom, and friendship but a name. But those little ones came and climbed upon his knee, and nestled lovingly in his arms, and their magic fingers crept down to the secret door of his heart and touched the mystic spring, and almost before he was himself aware of the change the hidden fountain was gushing forth, and words of affection and of blessing came leaping from the heart to the lip, and clamoring for utterance. How different now appears that very world which, a moment since, wore the dark pall of sadness! Its hill-tops are all crowned with brightness, and the cheerful light pierces even down into the gloomy vales and chases away the darkness. The very clouds are fringed with the golden beams of the sun which is shining brightly beyond them.

The dark vail of sorrow, which sometimes infolds us, is confined by so minute, so trivial a fastening, that the clumsy fingers of the world's proffered kindness can not find it. The bright, beaming eyes of childhood's love alone can discover, and their plastic fingers alone can remove the little pin with which the "spirit of evil" had secured the dark covering; and when the thick vail falls off these little cherubs are looking straight into our eyes, and glancing the sun light

of their radiant smiles away down into our hearts, and saying, just as plainly as happy looks can say, "That's the way to do it; now be happy!"

Just look in upon that mother toiling amid the almost endless duties of a numerous family. If she had ten pairs of hands, and ten heads to guide them, she could keep them all busy; but, alas! she has not. Her own hands must do all, and her own tired and often confused brain must preside over all—holding firmly the helm of the domestic bark, however severe the storm through which it may be called to pass. And just in the very midst of some delicate enterprise, when head, and hands, and heart are all busy, and every thing depends upon the uninterrupted continuance of the work—then is the cry of baby, calling lustily for assistance in a voice which will not be denied! What is to be done? But little rosy-cheeked Ella has heard baby's cry also, and dropping her doll away she flies to the crib of the little one.

"Hush! darling, sister'll stay with Charley. Poor, dear mamma's very busy; she has to work very hard for us, and we must love her dearly, and try to be very good to her."

And the little girl, in the fullness of her love for her mother, climbs up into the crib with Charley and hushes his crying, and brings back the smile to his handsome face, and his eyes are sparkling with pleasure. And that mother hears the simple language of her child's love; and think you it does not lighten the burden of her toil? It has touched a chord in her maternal heart, whose music is sweeter far to the soul than the loudest anthem of the world's praise and admiration.

"Father," said a little boy of six, as he opened his large, hazel eyes and looked up to his father, who was standing at the side of his little bed, "father, let me kiss you." And the strong man dropped a tear as he bowed down to that poor little sufferer and felt his emaciated arms twining about his neck, and his hot, feverish breath upon his cheek.

"O how I love you, father!" and the little boy hung upon his neck, and the kneeling man trembled with suppressed emotion.

"I shall soon be gone, dear father, and then what will you do without your little boy?" This was too much for the heart-broken man, and he sobbed aloud.

"O you must not die!" groaned the agonized parent.

"Yes, dear father, I must; and I think I shall die very soon. But I'm not afraid to die; for the bright angels will come and carry me to heaven,

just as mother said they did little brother; and then I shall see Jesus, and dear aunt Mary, and little brother, too—and I shall be an angel then, shall I not, father?"

"You're an angel now, my darling boy," and the father smoothed back the golden curls from his fair brow, and thought he had never looked upon aught so lovely.

"O no! I'm not an angel now; but I hope to be when I die. But, father, will you promise me one thing?"

"Any thing, my child—what do you wish?"

"Then, dear father, please don't drink any more rum; it makes mother cry so much—you won't, will you?" and again he threw his loving arms around his father's neck.

"God helping me, I will not!" groaned the weeping man.

"And you will pray to God every day, and go to meeting with mother, and try to meet me and little brother in heaven—won't you, father?"

"I will," was the quick response of the penitent parent.

"Thank you, dear father; mother will be so happy, and I'm so glad!" and the little boy sank back upon his pillow, exhausted by his last effort, but very happy. Love had conquered, and the departing spirit of the happy, dying child bore up to the shining ones above the glad news of a sinner saved from sin.

Man seems to have been created to love and to be loved; and seldom are circumstances so forbidding, or the heart found which is so fully under the dominion of sin as wholly to antagonize the influence of true affection. And the more simple this love, the less it seems to be the birth of selfishness or the dictate of passion, the more welcome is it to the heart of others, and the more readily will they yield to its power. And where shall we find affection so *simply pure*—so wholly sincere, as in the heart of childhood? When they look up to us, and their loving eyes seem to read our very souls, how full of confidence is the look! What an entire absence of all distrust! And when the little girl throws her arms around her younger sister, or springs to the proffered embrace of her elder brother, she makes them *feel* that they are loved purely—loved for themselves alone.

We may distrust the professions of the world, for it often deceives us. It is full of hypocrisy—full of double-dealing and insincerity. But the heart of the little child has never been baptized in the unhallowed waters of selfishness. It reveals itself as it is; and the streams which issue from it are but the out-gushings of the soul's

fountain. And when the parents, at the close of the active duties of the day, wearied and perplexed with care and trouble, sit down at home and shut out the world, and their children gather around them, and they listen to their prattle, and mark the animation of their glowing features and sparkling eyes, how can they help yielding to "love's witchery," or shut out from their own hearts the influence of so much unselfish affection and gladness? Says Young:

"He who hath no children doth not know what love means."

And there is much truth in this hyperbole; for the love which our little ones, looking up from their weakness and helplessness, awaken in our hearts, has no counterpart in any other of the many affections of the soul. It is a type of the heavenly that can not be counterfeited.

Surely there is committed to the child a mission of love, and unless drawn away by the false and sinful, or thwarted by unyielding coldness or wicked cruelty, the child fulfills that mission. He comes forth into being loving and causing others to love. Like the vine that sends out its tender shoots and creeps onward till it finds something around which it may entwine, so the affections of the child are going out in quest of some object to love—some beating heart full of earnest feelings, or, perhaps, hiding within its deep recesses, unsealed fountains of kindness and affection—around which it may entwine its pliant tendrils, till the icy seals are melted and the hidden waters come gushing forth, clear and sparkling as the mountain spring.

"Mary," said a father playfully to his little daughter, a child of five years old, "you are not good for any thing."

"Yes I am, dear father," she replied, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for, pray tell me?"

"I am good to love you, father," was her earnest answer, as she threw her tiny arms around his neck and gave him a kiss of unutterable affection.

And do you not think that love was returned? Could such hallowed, unselfish affection fall upon the parent's heart and awaken no answering emotions? Surely not.

Nor is it alone in the home-circle, where gather the fond ones and the loved, that children exert the influence of their heavenly mission; but out in the cold world also, like flowers growing by the wayside, or beneath the thorny hedge-row, or in the narrow glen, they spring up in our way, winning our smiles, and opening our hearts, and cheering our spirits, and blessing us with the sweet fragrance of their innocent, unselfish love.

## "YE KNOW NOT WHAT YE ASK."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Ye know not what ye ask."—MATTHEW XX, 22.

O MOTHER! com'st thou unto Christ,  
Bringing thy children dear,  
To supplicate for them a lot  
Of fame and honor here?

The pomp of wealth, the pride of power?  
Ambition's stormy task?

Hush! Listen to the voice Divine—  
"Ye know not what ye ask."

Hath prayer its root in earthly things?  
O mother, look above!  
And thither turn your children's eyes,  
In lowliness and love.

*Ye know not what ye ask.* Be still!  
Bow at our Father's throne,  
Teach them to learn his holy will,  
And make that will their own.

## ANNIE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

When the time was summer,  
When the days were bright,  
And the air was balmy  
All the starry night;

When the crimson masses  
Of the clustering clover,  
Brightened up the grasses  
All the meadows over,

By my side there lingered  
One of heart most true;  
Voice of passing sweetness,  
Eyes of beaming blue.

Through the verdant valley,  
Strayed we many a mile,  
Of the blessed future  
Talking all the while;

Thinking of the pleasure  
Yet for us in store;  
Making life a summer,  
Green for evermore.

Annie was an angel—  
Angel unto me,  
Though an earthly presence,  
Angel still was she.

O the storm is beating  
Bitterly, to-night,  
On the bowers that blossomed  
When the days were bright!

All the clover blossoms  
Withered long ago,  
Buried now so deeply  
'Neath the drifts of snow.

Slowly, ah! how slowly,  
 Wanes each weary day;  
 From the verdant valley  
 Very far away!  
 Life's unclouded future  
 Darkens to my sight;  
 Mid-day summer visions  
 End in winter night.  
 Willful winds go moaning  
 Through our homestead tree;  
 Comes from far a whisper,  
 "Annie—where is she?"  
 In a church-yard lonely,  
 Far away, a stone  
 Tells where Annie lieth  
 'Neath the drifts—alone.  
 Annie was an angel,  
 And for evermore  
 She will be an angel,  
 On the eternal shore.

## AT EVENING.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

SILENT I sit, amid the soft, faint shadows,  
 Slow stealing up behind the dying day,  
 About me whisper the green leaves of summer,  
 And waves the rip'ning grain as if in play.  
 From my hot brow the cool hands of the Evening  
 Smooth off, with gentle touch, the lines of care;  
 And her calm, drowsy breath stills all the tumult  
 Within my heart, soothing the captive there.  
 The murmur of the sea comes faintly to me,  
 To Evening's voices the deep undertone;  
 Peace broodeth o'er the earth, breathes in the twilight,  
 And tenderly it makes my heart its own.  
 The chirping crickets all around are singing,  
 The moon rolls slowly up the eastern sky,  
 Leaves and the moonlight make strange, fitful  
 shadows,  
 Which past me, o'er me, creep or scamper by.  
 The gentle kine come gravely from the meadows  
 And gaze upon me with their serious eyes,  
 While I, enthralled by tranquil, sweet enchantment,  
 Read dreamily their quiet reveries.  
 Before me tower in pride my native mountains,  
 Their dark sides covered deep with woodland  
 wealth,  
 Or frowning bare in rocky, grim defiance,  
 Or stooping softly down, in graceful stealth.  
 Like a rich painting, through the soft, clear moon-  
 light,  
 Gleams the broad river, hasting to the sea,  
 And the white village, nestling close beside it,  
 Silent and calm, in deep security.  
 O sweet and dear are all the scenes around me,  
 Sweet, sweet and dear the pleasant sounds I hear,  
 And sweet the fragrant, balmy breath of even,  
 And yet I dream of things more sweet, more dear!

I dream of those whose steps no more beside me  
 Bend the soft herbage, or the greensward flower;  
 Whose earnest love, whose sympathy is wanting  
 To sanctify the pleasures of this hour.  
 O ye beloved, whose paths from mine diverging,  
 Lead ye, thro' life, still farther from my side,  
 Let us press upward to the home eternal,  
 Where time, and change, and death no more divide!

## HOME'S TREASURE.

BY ALPHA.

THESE glows in beauty by our side  
 A gem of rarest worth—  
 Were an angel here a pleasure more  
 Might not be ours on earth;  
 Its radiance pure well cheers our hearts,  
 And gladdens all our hours—  
 Sure 'tis a gift from heaven above,  
 Though fairy as the flowers.  
 That treasured gem is opening bliss  
 Untold, unthought, unknown  
 Before by us, and now we find  
 A newer life our own;  
 'Tis binding each to each our hearts  
 In strange, fond ties of love,  
 And giving gladness, joy, and hope  
 More like to that above.  
 Thank Heaven for the wondrous gift!  
 Though ours but as a boon,  
 Still tendrils dear are twining close  
 Around our hearts so soon;  
 We feel their warmth, and, O! their worth,  
 In this wild world of strife,  
 Our cares to charm—to win us on  
 To purer aims in life.  
 And closer still it draws those ties  
 Which bind our hearts so well,  
 And fairer are the joys we know,  
 The blissful hopes we tell;  
 Months onward pass, and still it glows  
 More radiant every hour,  
 New hopes unfolding, and new joys,  
 Within our happy bower.  
 Its winning, playful smile atones  
 For all our toil and care,  
 And watchful nights are all forgot  
 Amid the bliss we share;  
 Ah! none can tell its priceless worth,  
 The cheers that round us flow,  
 Nor yet the stirring hopes we feel—  
 Say! can they, ye who know?  
 Then near the altar let us rear  
 This precious boon of Heaven,  
 That when 'tis summoned to the skies,  
 It may be rightly given:  
 And there the rapturous song of bliss  
 Sing as the angels do,  
 Enjoying all that Heaven provides,  
 Eternal ages through.

## MARGARET HAWKINS.

BY ALICE CARY.

**A**BOUT the sunset of a summer day a pretty rustic girl came forth from a small, rude house—skipt lightly down the walk and through the door-yard gate, which, as she passed on, swung back against the rosebush that grew beside it, and shook half its pinky flowers to pieces.

She was not laughing nor singing, nor did the wind toss her loose curls about her neck and shoulders—she had no curls, but wore her black hair in a close and simple knot, and without ornament—her dress was plain to homeliness, but her cheeks were bright with russet roses, and a good, loving heart so illumined all her face that you would have called her pretty, at first sight, certainly. If you had subjected form and feature to close scrutiny, you might not have repeated it; for she had been born of a race of rustics, and the masters of the graces had had nothing to do with her education.

Since she was old enough, and before she was old enough, she had risen early and worked busily all the day, and often till long after the day was gone; for it is no idle pastime to find an honest living by honest labor, when we have nothing besides to help us. She had never thought her fate a very hard one, for she was not far removed from the people among whom she lived, and it is by contrast that colors show brightest.

Twilight gathered the last splendors from the hills, and it grew dusky at the end of the lane as she went along, breaking the weeds in the exuberance of her spirits, and never once looking back to the many prints of her bare feet, by which her bashful lover was tracking her along the dusty path. She was not much more than sixteen then—the world was all before her—it was not her time to look back. She had reached the close of the lane and stood earnestly gazing down the road, when a cloud of rose-leaves came between her eyes and the object she watched for, and turning about she found herself face to face with Solomon Field.

"It is not to see you that I have come, Miss Margaret," he said, his blushes contradicting the falsehood he uttered. "I thought your mother would be tired when she came from town, and happening to pass this way I thought I would stop and take charge of her horse."

Margaret was too glad to care specially how the interview had been brought about, and half an hour went by like a moment—there was nothing new or strange to say—their world was a small world, and their thoughts seldom traveled

beyond it; but just then it was wide enough, and each felt that to be divided from the familiar scene would be to be banished from Eden. Is it true that when ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?

I said they had nothing new to talk of, and yet every thing was new—the sunset, the shadows that came after it, the first star—O that to their eyes seemed as wonderful as if it had been the first one ever God made!

They talked of the stars, and of heaven, and of what was in heaven, dreaming not that they had it, in part, in their own hearts.

Solomon Field was a good, honest young man, and that was all you could say of him—he had come to the neighborhood two or three years prior to the opening of our story, and hired himself to a well-to-do farmer, with whom he lived as an equal and helper, rather than servant. He was industrious and contented, for the most part, and yet not without a certain ambition and pride of his own; for a poor man is as much entitled, by nature, to pride and ambition as the rich and the well-born.

The ultimate stretch of Solomon's hope, probably, on the evening we write of, would have been to own fifty acres of ground—a little house with tight roof and substantial walls, and to be able to say in the face of all the men and women he knew, "My wife," and to say it to the young woman standing beside him.

He told all this in a thousand ways as they stood talking in the twilight; and in each and all of the ways Margaret understood him; but she replied to what he said, and not to the meaning of what he said, and Solomon did not talk of love and marriage except by looks and tones, and Margaret chose not to admit the understanding of these—she chose, in fact, to counterfeit misapprehensions to draw her admirer into more open and definite avowals.

"I suppose, Margaret," said Solomon, at last, grown impatient of the pertinacious evasions, "I suppose you will be glad when I am gone away where you won't see me any more," and he sprinkled the red flowers of the iron-weed he held along the ground—he had previously scattered them over the head and neck of Margaret.

"O Solomon!" she replied, startled into earnestness, "you are not going away, are you?"

"I don't know," he answered, still strewing his flowers on the ground, and without looking up.

"But what made you think of going away? Come, tell me all about it," she said coquettishly, and placing her hand beneath his to receive the

flowers with which he was still strewing the ground. Probably Margaret thought he would say, "You don't love me, my darling; all my heart is yours, and to keep it from breaking I must needs go out of your sight." But Solomon meant to say no such thing; he had confessed enough, he thought, and till she made some response he would keep her in torment.

He replied, therefore, that he was quite independent of all ties; that he had saved a few hundred dollars, though he supposed some persons thought him the most improvident man in the world; that he was now twenty-one, and that it was highly important he should adopt some settled plan of life if he ever meant to do so, and that he could do better in some other part of the world—some very distant part, he intimated, where she would never see nor hear from him again, and, in fact, where he would never see any one he had ever known—he was sure he did not wish to.

Margaret withdrew her hand—she did not care for his flowers now—he had said too much, and so defeated himself.

He waited a long while for her to speak, but when she did not, he said with feeling he could not master in his tone, "I wish it was all over, and that I was gone."

"What was all over?" asked Margaret.

"The pain of parting—what should it be, besides?"

"Parting with whom? I thought there was nobody you cared about." Margaret kneeled to the ground and gathered the flowers he had scattered there, as she spoke, and when she arose her face was blushing and bright with the shadow of the victory she saw.

"Of course," he said, "I care something about the family I have lived with these three years—they have been very good to me always."

"And who has not been good to you, Solomon? I am sure every one speaks well of you, and likes you."

"O, you are very good and patronizing," he said, "and I am very much obliged for your condescension."

"Why, how proud you are grown! I shall have to reach my words up to you pretty soon," and Margaret tossed the flower-leaves lightly in his face as she spoke.

Solomon smiled grimly, saying he hoped she would not fling her words at him after such a fashion, and he shook the leaves from his head as if they affected him disagreeably.

"O I am sorry I was so rude!" said Margaret coaxingly; and as he smiled and bowed his face

toward her she began to play the tyrant again, and passing her hand along his face affected to brush the leaves from the beard which was not there.

He drew himself up and said, as if impatient of every moment's delay, "I do wish your mother would come!"

"I wish so, too," said Margaret, repeating the lie he had uttered with what seemed very earnest sincerity; "but," she added directly, "you need not wait for her, I am sure—mother and I can take care of ourselves."

"I know you can, Margaret," he said, half sadly, half bitterly, "I almost wish it were not true, for then I might be of some use to you."

Margaret affected not to hear the close of the sentence—she could afford such affectations just then—were not the roses of sixteen bright in her cheeks, and did not her mother own a market cart and two cows, and had she not gone to town to buy her a new dress and slippers, and ever so many things besides? Ah, Solomon, it was not your time for wooing just then!

"I am sorry you wish us evil," she said, "but I don't believe any body will come and murder us just for your wishing—you don't wear a crown, and we are not your subjects exactly."

Solomon made no reply, but opening the gate walked to the middle of the road and gazed the way Mrs. Hawkins was expected to come, as though intent on seeing her, and on nothing in the world besides.

"It's a pity if I can't be as independent as he," thought Margaret to herself, and turning scornfully away she walked slowly in the direction of the house, hoping, perhaps, that Solomon would call her back.

He would gladly have done so, but pride forbade, and he was not without the secret hope that she would return without his solicitation when she should hear the wagon rattling over the hill that he saw in the distance. Both were disappointed for the sake of their own foolish pride, and brought upon themselves miserable days and nights that might just as well have been blessed days and nights.

The wagon did rattle over the hill more noisily than Solomon had hoped, but not once turned Margaret. "When she hears it stop at the gate she will turn and come back, and that right fast," thought Solomon; but when the wagon stopped at the gate she walked on scornfully all the same.

Mrs. Hawkins was tired, but cheerful as she could be, and for the last reason, perhaps, she failed to notice how downcast and heavy at

heart Solomon was; and as they rode up the lane together she told him what good luck she had had that day, and how much farther her money had gone than she had expected. It was strange Margaret was not watching at the gate, too, but she was busy about the supper no doubt. She was a dear good girl, and deserved all and more than all she had bought for her that day. She meant to ask Solomon to come in, after the horse was cared for, and eat supper with them, and see all the new purchases; she meant to do so, but the kindly feeling that was in her heart drowned the words; another time Solomon would not have waited to be asked, but his mood was exacting just then. If Mrs. Hawkins and her daughter were forgetful of him in their prosperity, he would not force them to remember him—he could live without them. Margaret would scarcely take time to admire the new dress for peeping through the window at Solomon, who was at the well drawing water—it would have been easy to step to the door and say, "Come in," but Margaret believed he would come without the invitation, and so complete her triumph.

But when the tea-things were all on the table he had not come.

"Step to the door and call him," said Mrs. Hawkins; but Margaret said she would not call him—that he was waiting to be coaxed, and might wait till he was tired. "Why, my child, what is the matter?" said the mother directly, "you don't seem to care about your new things, and you are not eating any thing—I am afraid you are going to be sick."

"Did you ask Solomon to come in, mother?" said Margaret almost choking.

"I believe in my heart," replied the good woman, "that I never said a word about it, but I thought he would come," and rising from the table she went to the door with her tea-cup in her hand, and called Solomon two or three times, but no Solomon answered. He had lingered a very little for the invitation, which did not come, and, sullen and dissatisfied, was gone away.

"Strange!" said Mrs. Hawkins, "I never knew the boy to do so." In vain Margaret tried to sip the fresh cup of tea which her mother prepared—it would not do, and bursting into tears she went away from the table and cried as she had never cried in all her life.

Mrs. Hawkins said she had often felt just so herself, when she could not tell what was the matter, and soothed and petted her darling till she at last fell asleep, sobbing, and sobbing even in her dream.

Margaret was fully conscious of the power she

exercised over Solomon, and in spite of all he had said about going away, she could not believe he would go without seeing her once more, but day after day went by and he did not come. "He shall see me in my new dress, and then perhaps there will be admiring eyes upon me besides his, and I shall be avenged," thought Margaret, as she put the last stitches in its hem and tied the amber-colored ribbon on her straw hat. For more than a year so many days had not passed, as now, without a meeting of the young lovers, for lovers they were, though in all their intercourse they had come no nearer a definitive understanding than in the little tragedy recorded. They had usually been more amicable, to be sure, and for weeks and months both had been desiring the very interview which had been turned to such bad account. Why, neither could tell—it was with no predisposition on the part of either, and yet it came about.

Sunday morning shone bright and beautiful, and arrayed in all the new things Margaret went to Church—the roses in her cheeks had never been redder, nor the sparkle in her eyes so bright. Solomon would be there humbly penitent, she was sure, and she would forgive him, and then he would come over of evenings to do chores for her mother as he used.

Scarcely could she lift her modest eyes, as she went down the aisle, lest she should encounter the fixed gaze of her admirer, and not for a long while after she was seated in her pew could she turn her face toward her nearest neighbor. With every step that crossed the sill the bright spot in her cheek widened over all her face and faded out again, for not one of the steps was Solomon's.

He might have come early, she kept thinking to herself, and have taken a seat in the rear of the house; and at last the tedious sermon was concluded and the closing hymn read—the congregation rose and turned their faces to the choir, and, almost trembling, Margaret arose with the rest. When the hymn was half concluded she sank back into her seat, as if she had suddenly breathed a fatal atmosphere. Why, the reader guesses well enough, but the people about her did not guess—she merely wished to make herself noticed, they said, and for their parts they were not in the humor of pleasing her vanity.

When the benediction was pronounced there was a general shaking of hands among the neighbors, followed by inquiries about the children and the old folks at home; but few indeed shook hands with Margaret, and none of that few made any inquiry or remark.

Her retiring behavior, so different from her customary smiling and nodding, was interpreted to signify pride in the new dress and bonnet she wore, when, poor girl, she had no thought of them at all.

What would she not have given now to have that last miserable evening with Solomon to live over again! Perhaps he had gone, in truth, and she would never see him again as long as she lived—perhaps he was sick and dying, and she not near to ask his forgiveness.

These, and all the other tormenting fancies that love can devise, crowded into her brain and made her heart sick.

She could not see the flowers at the door—she could not hear the birds sing in the tree-tops, nor see the long reaches of dusty gold that stretched up the lane at sunset—she could not read, nor sing, nor work, and at length came the time when she could not wait. She must know whether Solomon was gone or not; whether he was sick or well, loving or hating. One evening as she went to fetch home the cows she stole across the fields, and blushing and trembling at once, rapt at the door of the house where Solomon lived. The farmer's wife came, her healthful, tanned face full of a great wonder, as she stood eating bread and butter, and waiting for Margaret to make known her errand. She hesitated, trying to invent some excuse for the enthusiasm which an hour past she had thought could carry her through all things, flagged and failed before the bread and butter, and the homely wonder in the woman's face, that seemed to say, "All here is well, and what can be the matter at your house?"

Margaret hesitated, as I said, and began to stammer, when the woman completed her discomfiture by exclaiming, "Is any body dead, or any thing?"

"No, ma'am," answered Margaret, in a little voice that seemed afraid of itself, "I want to know if Solomon is here?"

"Solomon!" exclaimed the woman, "bless your soul, yes; here he is, if that's all you want." She threw the door wide open as she spoke, and there, before the frightened child, was Solomon, not as fancy had pictured him, on a bed of pain, and pining for her, but with shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, and eating supper with half a dozen sheep-shearers.

Margaret's face burned scarlet when she saw the sly winks of the shearers and other coarse indications of a perception of the real nature of her errand. Perhaps shame, perhaps pride, it may have been both, kept the young man from

coming forward and receiving her message, as he should have done, and thus her confusion almost overcame her as she said, "Mother wants to see you, Solomon."

"I wish she could have come herself," he replied, "I have no time to go."

This was said, partly in vindication of his own manhood, and in answer to the smothered laugh that went round the table, partly in memory of the last bitter interview, and every word was a torture to himself as he spoke it. This Margaret could not know—she knew that he was well, she heard distinctly what he said, and well might she think there was nothing more to know.

She felt, too, that she was being tried and condemned, as she walked homeward. She had spoken a lie, and she felt that all who heard it knew it; and moreover, she knew that presently it must come to the ears of her mother—Solomon himself would convict her, and what could she say? She would have been glad just then if some great hill had fallen and hid her from mortal sight forever.

She wished in her heart never to see Solomon, but at all hazards she must prevent her mother from knowing what she had done. She knew the way he would likely come, and when the evening work was through she sat down by the gap of the meadow to wait for him. He came at last, but not in the direction she expected—he had gone by the open road and down the lane to see her mother, and not across the fields as had been his custom.

Anger and scorn came to her support in her humiliation, and she accused Solomon of willfully misinterpreting and cruelly wronging her. "If he had been a man," she said, "or any part of the man she had always supposed he was, he would have come forward and learned definitely what she wanted, instead of staying back and laughing with the sheep-shearers, as he had done."

Thus attacked, Solomon defended himself with the weapons she had given him—he did definitely understand her to say her mother wished to see him, and having always supposed her to be a young woman that spoke the truth, he did not once suspect there was any explanation of her words to be made—if there was she could explain then, and if he had wronged her he would see that she had her rights.

Of course Margaret had no explanation to make. What could she say unless she said she loved him? and she was not disposed just then to make that confession; so she replied coldly and haughtily that she had no explanation to

make then nor ever. "But," she added directly, contradicting herself, "if you had come to the door all this would not have happened."

"I could not suppose, Margaret," he replied, "that you had any thing to say to me that you could not say in the presence of my friends and equals."

"Whether or not I *had* any thing to say," she replied, "I have nothing to say now, except that it will be a good while before I trouble you again; I've got a mother's house to stay in."

"Yes," added the young man, "and you have a new dress and bonnet, too, as every body knows."

"I can't wear them without folks seeing them," said Margaret.

"No, but you can wear them at Church without seeing your friends, it appears."

"You wasn't there?" said Margaret, interrogatively.

"May be I wasn't, and may be I didn't speak to you, and may be you didn't drop your handkerchief in your scornful turning away from me—too proud even to receive it from my hand."

"I didn't see you," she replied coldly.

"You did not want to see me," he said.

When did woman lose an opportunity of triumph, ever so small a one? not she who was quarreling with her lover, I'll warrant you.

Margaret tossed her head and answered that she could not say she did want to see him very badly—as provoking a falsehood as she could frame.

"Perhaps you will before you see me again," said Solomon, clinching his hands together and striding away, but listening still for a soft answer. He did not hear it—they were sharp, biting words that Margaret sent after him—words from whose steely hooks the heart will tear itself away, though it bleed never so much in the tearing.

When Margaret met her mother she saw in her face no shadow of the suffering that ached so in her own heart—Solomon had not betrayed her secret, then—how good, how considerate he was, and how rashly and harshly she had condemned him! And yet she could not bear to take all the blame and humbly seek reconciliation; and so to justify herself she built up a strong defense out of all his cold and angry words, and behind this she sat all the weaker for her shield.

The days were O so long now, and the summer nights were wilder and wearier than any winter nights had ever been—her steps went heavily along the ways where they used to skip so lightly—there was no more sunshine in her

eyes, but a dumb, wondering stare instead; and whatever work was in her hands her thought was not with it, it was plain to see.

After a while a new light flashed in her eyes, and a new red burned in her cheek—the scornful light of pride and the fiery red of anger; through all the country round ran the story of her love for Solomon and of his disdain—of how she stole to his home at night and strove with lies to entice him to hers, so making herself the laughing-stock of every body. Had not the sheep-shearers seen her come with a smooth story, and did they not see Solomon repel her—not only with freezing words, but with scornful laughter and sneers? Why, to be sure they did; and if any body doubted, they had but to look at Margaret and be convinced. She was pining away as fast as she could pine—so whispers, and laughter, and contemptuous pity met Margaret whichever way she turned. At last she was glad to hide her head in her mother's loving bosom and tell her all.

Of course, in the mother's eyes, her darling was all right and Solomon was all wrong, and not only that, but a wicked scape-grace into the bargain. If he owned a hundred acres of land and a brick house as good as could be, he would not be worthy of *her* child, she said, let alone being what he was—plain as a pipe-stem, and a hired man to boot!

Thus strengthened Margaret tried once more to walk alone, but it was only fitfully that the light of pride flashed and the fire of anger burned. When she felt how despised and pitied she was by her friends, she would summon all her skill to conceal the wound from their probing glances; but when she was alone, all alone, she staggered again—sometimes fell helpless, for she needed what in every nature is the need most deeply felt of all—living, loving sympathy.

What comfort her mother gave failed of comforting, from the fact that she could not or would not understand the great need there was of comfort.

She ministered to Margaret, not from any tender appreciation of her suffering, but altogether from a wrong point of observation. She held up the glass of truth, but it was herself she saw in it and not Margaret; and she was so strong, and cheerful, and self-reliant, and felt so little need of any thing but meat and drink and the good opinion of her neighbors, it is no wonder her treatment seemed rough and almost irritating to the more sensitive heart whose yearnings waked out of itself no echo.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

CLYDE SUTVEN'S SECOND STORY.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

SINCE that night on which, in a drunken fit, I read my fond mother's letter to my tipsy companions, I have never drank any more. But it is not because of any resolution: I made none; I have needed none. Horror is no name for the feeling which still rises in me when that night, and the night which followed it, and the day which succeeded that, came back trailing their darkness over my soul. Remorse, and not resolve, had wrought this change in me—if it is wrought; for I am not at all certain, though I hope and trust it is. I have learned to rely on Heaven's support; and if that be withdrawn, who knows but the temptation may again whirl me away like a hurricane?

But that remorse did not renew my heart; and as time widened between me and that grave there over the sea, more and more rarely and faintly recurred my dying mother's behest. Whenever I seriously recalled her to my sad memory, I was better, and resolved to be better; but very soon would my hasty temper thrust aside the good resolution, and do with me as it would. That fierce, fiery spirit which had burst out when Dudley mocked it to madness, possessed me like a devil. It could not brook the least cross. I quarreled with my best friends—all except my father; him, never. His calm, sad face seemed to stoop to me out of heaven, and his pale forehead looked as though my mother's smile shone upon it from glory. In my highest transport of passion, if I but caught his glance, memory instantly rebuked me to tears. I had married, and he lived in my house. He was my mentor; though he seldom admonished me in words, for he had not need: his look wrestled me back to God far more.

Miriam, my wife, was a meek, gentle creature, whose love for me was almost a worship. I loved her as well—if man can ever love as well as woman—but many a time my ugly disposition wrung her tender heart. Her every fault was a temptation to my anger. The first disturbance that my harshness toward her brought to our home, occurred about six months after our marriage.

Miriam's greatest failing was lack of order. Housekeeping she managed so loosely that my keen sense of neatness and regularity was shocked at every turn. Often, in coming home at noon, I found the things in monstrous disorder, and her in dishabille, preparing dinner in

the most awkward and backward manner imaginable. I was sorely tried, and grew peevish. Every day, however, reproached by the tears in her soft blue eyes, I resolved to smother my vexation; yet every day it became more and more irrepressible. At length, finding the toilet-comb and my wife's toothbrush beside my plate one evening as I sat down to supper—the comb filled with snarled hair, and the toothbrush wet with recent use, both unthoughtedly brought out and laid down there, and so forgotten—I could restrain my impatience no longer.

"Miriam," cried I, in a high passion, "did you imagine I would like a pickle of comb-and-toothbrush to-night to stimulate my appetite? These," pointing to the inappropriate implements, "these are very suggestive of"—

"I—I forgot that I brought them out—I forgot that I laid them down there," interposed Miriam, blushing and stammering; "but I—indeed I forgot it!" and her bashful, beseeching eyes filled with tears.

"Forgot!" I rejoined, too thoroughly roused to be suddenly mollified by tears; "forgot, indeed! I wonder you don't forget you are alive!"

"O, I hope I soon shall!" sobbed Miriam. "In the grave, Clyde, the grave!"

"Clyde! the grave!" echoed my father's solemn, tremulous voice.

I looked up, and his sadly-majestic countenance was beaming on me. I sunk my face down in my hands.

When the emotions of all three had sobbed out and sighed down to silence, this was broken by my father's low, measured tones pronouncing grace over the meal, at which he had seated himself unobserved. As the amen was uttered, I invariably resolved that I would never permit my anger to rise against my wife again—never. And yet, on the very next day I broke the resolution.

Miriam was prodigal; I had become penurious: these extremes of disposition often met inimically, and produced discord. Fond of finery, and ignorant of the value and true use of money, she wanted to buy every novelty that struck her fancy, at whatever cost. Her constant demands for little sums, and big sums, were exhausting my pockets and my patience at a rapid rate.

"Clyde," said she the next day after my resolution, "Mrs. Bruce has bought such a beautiful breastpin! I must have one just like it. It cost only thirty-five dollars. If you have the money about you, I will go and get it this afternoon."

"Why, Miriam," I replied, "you have a fine breastpin—much finer than that, if cost is any criterion to judge by."

"Yes, but it is not so fashionable. Besides, I have had it a long while, and I want a change."

"I am sure my little wife looks quite as pretty with this neat diamond pin she has on her bosom, as any other lady of my acquaintance would with a much finer and costlier one."

"But then, remember, Clyde, I must dress to please other people, too. As well out of the world as out of fashion, you know."

"But, my dear, there are other things to be considered."

"What other things?" inquired she, in innocent surprise.

"What other things!" exclaimed I, provoked at her innocence of affairs; "are we rich?"

"I don't know, I am sure; but it seems to me we are as well able to have such trifles as the Bruces are."

"But people that are forever buying 'such trifles,' don't remain able long. Bruce, I am told, is deeply in debt now; and folks say it is his family's extravagance that is ruining him."

"Well, I did not expect to ruin *you* by laying out thirty-five dollars for a breastpin."

"I don't mean you shall; for I do not intend to let you have money to squander for any such nonsense!" cried I, completely disgusted with my wife's childlike unthriftiness.

I would not have made her weep so for five times the cost of such a gewgaw. And when she hid her face upon my breast, and sobbed that she was a silly creature—that she was unworthy of me—that, perhaps, when she was gone, I would get a better wife—that I must bear with her yet a little while—all my sternness was swept away in a torrent of tears.

"O, do not speak of dying, my Miriam—do not speak of dying! my heart could not bear up under the burden of another coffin!"

So wildly and vehemently I must have uttered this, that Miriam's alarm for me dried up her tears directly; and she looked even cheerful, to convince me she had no thought of dying. She said she hoped we should both live to be very old people, and that she should grow so much better than ours would be a most happy life. Then I determined it should be so, and resolved to be better immediately, not to try to grow better from that time. And going to my library, I—not prayed—resolved.

This time, you think, I surely must have been reformed. Not so, my friend. It takes something more than mere resolution to cast out devils. It was but a few days till I proved to myself my weakness again; aggrieved my fond wife again; repented again; resolved again. Reso-

lution after resolution now went worthless past me, leaving my heart more weak and more wicked continually. My little wife grew weaker and paler every day, under my constant blame, and spoke so often of dying, that I came to regard it as a mere pretext, or sort of threat for effect; and sometimes, when unusually exasperated, I used to taunt her with it.

I read in your eyes that you consider this almost too cruel to be credible of me, who seem a calm, sane man. But I was not sane then. No, I was raving mad! and often in the violence of my remorse, I tore my hair, and gnashed my teeth, and wished that I had never been born. My father seemed to appreciate my condition; and many a time have I caught him drowned in tears, when I dared not ask him why he wept. You will inquire why I did not pray. I can only answer, because I resolved. Till self-sufficiency is given up, the time has not come for prayer.

With this stubborn determination to reform itself, my soul grew daily more deformed. I could hardly speak a pleasant word any more. My brows became knotted and frowning, my lips rigid and severe, and my eyes seemed to have grown ashamed of a smile. O how silent, and gloomy, and unhappy our home became! There sat Miriam, sweet picture of pale patience, in despair. There sat my father, sorrowfully gazing at nothing, his countenance like a lofty angel's. There sat I, dismal as an evil spirit in a ruined paradise. Such is a portrayal of our household on those melancholy nights.

I knew I was cruel, wicked, criminal; but in my perverted and distorted mind, my wife's faults were multiplied and magnified enough to self-justify me in being so. It seemed to me that we were the most illy-matched couple in Christendom. Indeed, I used to think that, in all our thoughts, affections, and desires, we were of totally different spheres. And yet we were attracted to each other! My wife loved me still, and clung to me, though my heart turned cold toward her, though I never smiled on her now, though I called her by her dear name, Miriam, no more. She loved me still. You can readily believe this, my friend; you are prepared to believe any wonderful thing about woman's love; but you will hardly credit me, when I declare to you that I loved her still. It is true. But she did not know it. Yet she could not wholly disbelieve it. I was with her all the time when business did not call me away; I was careful of her health and comfort; and, though I flew into passion, and scolded her, and taunted her to tears again and again, yet afterward I generally

humored all her caprices, and coldly and sullenly yielded to all her wishes.

We had now been married about three years. Miriam had lost all her original spirit, and become a little timid, cowering creature, quailing at my very glance, and fearing even to call me by name, lest I should be offended. And I, fiend that I was, berated her for having no force of character, when I had done all my outrageous nature could devise to crush it! There was no bloom on her cheek any more, no fire in her eye. Her gentle heart was pining to death for love—love's honeyed words and love's familiar smile. Sometimes, when I stole a glance at her, as she sat pensive and silent, seeming to listen to whispers in the air, I would feel a sudden yearning ache in my throat, and my eyes would grow misty for a moment; but something—O my friend, I know not what!—always leaped forth and wrenched my soul up to its accustomed haughtiness, and I went on with my reading or writing, as if I were alone.

One winter evening, as the still, feathery snow was falling flocking through the twilight, and solemnly spreading down the white burial-shroud over the cold, dumb earth, Miriam sat at a window gazing out, and I by the center-table reading the magazine: my father had withdrawn to his own room. The dull flame fluttered and sputtered in the grate, breaking the silence just enough to stir melancholy thought, and keep the dreamy mind conscious of being yet this side of the soundless grave. I heard Miriam sigh deeply, and I turned my eyes—not my face—toward her. Her elbow propped upon her knee, and her chin upon her hand, she sat motionless, watching the falling flakes, through softly streaming tears. In a moment, by that sort of magnetic sympathy so often observable, as though she felt my eyes upon her, she turned her face toward me. I read and frowned, pretending I had not glanced nor designed to glance off from my book.

"My husband," murmured she, after a brief pause.

"What?" And I jerked up my head with a feigned surprise and impatience.

She started like a frightened bird; and I know, as I remember it now, that none but a devil could have resisted that fond, appealing, yet alarmed look which her countenance wore; and therefore I knew I must have been a devil; for I knitted my brows, and proceeded reading as before. For some time there was silence again, during which time I knew she was weeping quietly, though I did not look up to see. At length

she ventured to speak once more, very softly and timidly:

"My dear Clyde."

"What do you want?" I did not add, "Miriam;" for that would have been too gentle: I had not spoken that familiar name for nearly two years.

"I want to talk to you a little to-night," uttered she, brokenly and hesitatingly.

"Well, talk away. I shall not object, I am sure." And I looked at her rigidly, while her bosom heaved with her swelling heart, and the veins grew full and knotty on her forehead and temples.

"Clyde, I am going to die."

"So are we all," said I, unmoved.

"And when I am dead," continued she, as if I had not interrupted her, "will you not think of me sometimes, as one who loved you, though she was not equal to your nature?"

"Why will you ever be talking of that?" I pettishly asked. "If I am to believe you, you have had one foot in the grave ever since we were married. You can not get a little out of humor, a little melancholy, or a little offended, without threatening me with dying. I wish you would have done with such sentimentalism. I have heard it reiterated till I am sick of it."

The poor little child was now very much alarmed; and, conscious that my charge was in some sort true, she ventured to mutter, deprecatingly, that she was sorry and ashamed to have been so weak; and she shrunk from the room.

When her footfalls had died away in her bed-chamber, I clapped together the book I had been bending over—not reading—dropped my head upon the table, and fought with my mysteriously sinful soul in groaning and tears. I now resolved; then threw resolve away, and resolved again; but I could not be satisfied. My heart throbbed big with pain, and my brain was all on fire. A maelstrom of shame, and pity, and remorse whirled me away from myself, and swallowed me up, and I was lost. I must have slept; how long, I can not say, when I was startled by my father's hurried voice:

"Clyde! Clyde! Miriam is calling for you—she is very sick. Come, my son!"

"Wake the girl, father, and hasten to Miriam's chamber! I will send for the physician!" And I ran wildly, and, rousing my hired man, saw him mounted on the swiftest horse, and hurriedly said to him before he started,

"John, this horse, you know, is worth about two hundred and fifty dollars—whatever he is worth when you reach Dr. Miller's, if you make

the distance within fifteen minutes, he is yours—go!”

The man gave a short, sharp cry to the horse, as he struck him a quick blow with the whip, and the two, horse and rider, whirled fearfully away into the darkness. I flew to Miriam's bedside, where my father and the maid were ministering to her, both in tears. There lay Miriam, white, white as the snow, her sad, meek beauty seeming just about to faint away into the solemn sublimity of death. I took the little hand, which, with a feeble smile, she held out to me, and, biting my lip till the blood started, pressing my palm over my eyes, and gasping for breath, I wrestled back the coming rush of anguish, whose outburst might have proved immediately fatal to her.

“Clyde,” whispered she, drawing me down to her, “you must bear it. It will not last long. Another—another will take my place—another, worthier than I have been—and make you forget this pang. I have tried—O how earnestly! to be good. I could not, I was all faults—always to blame. Yet you will think of me kindly sometimes, Clyde? You would, I am sure, if you could know how I have loved you—how I have prayed to be more deserving of your love! If you could but bury me beside your mother, over the sea, then I know you would remember me when you thought of her. But it can not be. The snow must be scooped away in the graveyard up yonder, and I must lie alone. But the grass will grow there after a time. Will you not come now and then those pretty nights, and think how you kissed me, sitting on the old church door-stone, one moonlight evening, when I first said I loved you? I shall not have any faults in heaven! You will love me as you used to do, when you get there, won't you, Clyde? It has been a very long time since you kissed me. Kiss me now, as you did on the old church door-stone.”

I could not speak. I did not try. There were no words—none. Only that kiss. That must have translated the whole meaning of my soul; for after that, her heavenly eyes showed that she had read me, and that she was satisfied to die for the great good which was to come to me out of sorrow and remorse—satisfied to die to purchase this knowledge; by the one kiss, that I loved her more than words could tell. Her pale, placid countenance beamed with that expression of unspeakable happiness imagined of angels. I stood gazing upon her, with my heart ice and my brain fire, till my father drew me away, and the physician took my place. Having looked at her a few moments, and felt her pulse, he turned away, and

beckoned my father out of the room. The sudden sobbing of the latter in an adjoining chamber, pierced me with a thrill of infinite despair. I rushed out, and confronted the physician.

“Doctor,” cried I, “O, do not say you have no hope! You *must* cure her! Save her, O save her, for the love of the Redeemer! I can not live if she die!”

“It would have been well, Mr. Sutven,” said he, “if you had so thought before. Her ailment is of the mind. Once you had power to heal that. Now it is too late.”

O my God, how that reproof went to my soul! The physician was a stern, blunt old man, who had witnessed many a scene of anguish; but now his eyes filled up, and he turned away to drum with his fingers on the window-pane, so pitiful a sight was I to see! My father supported me from sinking to the floor, and I stood there reeling under the crushing weight of my sin and sorrow. So its fire might have purged out of my soul this excruciating memory, hell would have been welcome to me.

At length I tottered back, leaning on my father, to Miriam's death-bed. She did not know me now. Some kind neighbors were there, all weeping. I did not weep. The fountain of tears was frozen within me. For hours I stood as motionless as she lay, and watched her breathe out her innocent life, feeling that I had murdered her! Yes, murdered her!—stabbed her heart with barbed words, poisoned with the bitterness of my heart! I doubt not there were angels in the room; Miriam saw them; but not a wing stooped to fan my fevered spirit—not a fluttering wing. Heaven was right at hand to her; to me it was years of sin away.

Do not suppose, my friend, that such was my course of thought, as I stood those torturing hours beside that death-bed. O no! I did not think at all then; I only remembered and agonized. Such remembrance is not thought; it is the tormented mind's struggle against thought; it is the vexed ghost of thought's murdered past haunting the murderer. All the bitter words I had said to that aspiring angel there going through the gates of death to glory, all the dark frowns I had given her, all the hateful feelings I had cherished toward her, all the good resolutions, made for her sake, that I had broken, all appeared to me in those terrible hours, and whispered horribly for me to come to judgment.

At last Miriam's consciousness returned to this world, and she turned her eyes and smiled a recognition to me. Now suddenly my great deep woe was broken up, and the violent sobs of

strong manhood's weeping convulsed me alarmingly.

"My dear husband," faintly murmured my dying Miriam, restored to speech, "be calm. I have seen your soul now, and studied it, and learned what it is; and I would talk to you again before I go. Let these good friends—all but father—retire for a little while. Clyde," resumed she, after they had gone out, "you have done very wrong—not to me—to yourself, Clyde. You have made your life the center of the world, and almost worshiped yourself as a god. From a boy, you have considered it your right to bend all things to your will. You do not seem ever to have reflected that others have rights for themselves and duties to themselves, that each one must respect, if he would have his own respected. You have wished all to be humble toward you, while you have not been humble toward any. You have desired to be loved for your own sake, not for the sake of your love. You have loved me, and desired my love, because it was necessary to your happiness, not because you thought of it as necessary to mine. So you took no pains to let me know how much you loved me. Your self-flattery saw all my faults, and your impatient and uncontrollable temper condemned them without mercy. Sometimes you relented toward me; yet it was only *pity* that made you.

"But I tire talking. I would say much more, but my breath comes very weak now. Clyde, you will be much better, gentler, humbler hereafter. The angels whisper this to me, and I am happy to die because it is so. I think—I *hear* it!—that you will throw resolutions all away now, and cry for God's arm to lift you up into heaven. And—we shall—meet—there!"

A soft, transfiguring smile swept across her face, seemingly like a lightning flash of rainbows, and the eyes were lusterless, and the face was marble, and the form was clay!

When the good friends came to prepare her for the last sad rite, I was still on my knees, with my face buried in the bedclothes, utterly stupefied with grief. I knew not what they said to me. I but dimly remember that I was lifted up by strong men, and carried away. There were voices; they were soft and gentle; but there were no words, no meanings: all was sad, dreamy confusion. I did not realize that Miriam was dead; I could not; yet it seemed as though something dreadful had happened, and my brain was racked to comprehend what.

"Why are we all so sorrowful?" inquired I of those who were moving softly about the house. "Has mother heard of it? Call Miriam,

and let us see if she can tell what ails us all. Is it morning? Why is it so dark here, then? They say that Franklin Dudley came and danced upon mother's grave! Was it not well to smite him down? Father would not believe it—nor Miriam. But they shall!"

Thus I raved, till, finally exhausted and overcome, I sank into a state of semi-unconsciousness, not unlike the delirium of opium. I seemed to be wandering through a dismal valley, dark with tall, dense cedars, and full of mossy, antiquated tombs. There was no living thing in it at all, and not a sound. The silence was so dead that it tingled in my ears, and weighed me down, and well-nigh stifled me. It seemed as though I would have given the wealth of ten million worlds for a single sound to break that horrible, crushing, killing silence. I tried to shriek, but I could not even whisper. There was no bird's note, no brook's murmur, no wind's moan among the cedar boughs: it was a silence such as may be imagined of the nothing abysses that yawn between the far-apart worlds of the universe. I was impelled forward, but my steps made no noise. I struck my foot against a tombstone, but it gave out no sound. I looked at its face as it fell over, and, lo! engraved upon it was the inscription, *GOOD RESOLUTION!* This made me curious to examine the others grouped around, some lying flat, others bent over at all angles, none standing entire and erect, and all antiquated and defaced. On every one that I looked at was the same inscription. I went on, inspecting them, and as I proceeded, they appeared less and less impaired by the ravages of time, till at last I came to one new and complete, on which was written *MIRIAM!*

Then I was suddenly away in the middle of the great ocean, hundreds of miles from the shore; and the big billows shouted terribly, and ran roaring upon me, as if they hungered for my life; and now they took me up toward heaven, and then they left me down toward hell, threatening me with awful death. Then an island sprang up before me in the sea; and I struggled to land upon it, but the surge that I was riding overwhelmed it, and it sunk. So island after island appeared and vanished, and still I was not saved. At length I struck the continent, and was drawn up on the beach by Miriam! And thus scene after dreadful scene passed wildly through my brain, each ending with *Miriam*. But gradually the scenes became more faint and vague, till finally it was darkness and blankness.

Again I remember to have stood, fully con-

scious, beside the still form of her I so greatly loved, confined for the grave. Many people were there; but I did not see them; I only felt they were there: I looked constantly, fixedly, staringly on the dear face I was so soon to see no more. O, Death is a glorious sculptor, when he has such a model of human beauty to imitate! It was not Miriam that lay there so pale, and mute, and motionless, with shut eyes; it was death glorified in her cast-off beauty—that lifeless beauty which seemed to yearn toward me yet—seemed to smile to me through the closed lids—seemed to love me with the still lips—seemed to invite me, in the beautiful, eloquent language of death's dumb silence, to the feast of the unutterable heavenly love.

While I stood there gazing, suddenly the silence was broken by frightful shrieks, as the people huddled back and gave room, and my mother, habited in her shroud, stole noiselessly up to the side of the coffin opposite me, and, laying one thin, icy hand on Miriam's forehead, and with the other seizing mine, stared me, in the face with her lackluster eyes! I screamed, and sunk upon the floor, and—

The center-table fell over on me, putting out the light, and leaving the room to the dull redness of a few dying embers in the grate! I rubbed my eyes, and got up and gazed around; even then I could not satisfy myself that it had been all a dream. But when Miriam, in her night-clothes, came running in with a light—for she had heard the scream and the fall—I caught her in my arms, and burst into an overjoying flood of tears. Poor little thing! She was so startled, and astonished, and overcome with the delicious surprise, that she sobbed deliriously and frantically in her most bewildered joy. And now my father made his appearance; and, seeing me sitting with Miriam on my knee, as in the old times, he rushed forward delightedly, and embraced us both.

After we had replenished the fire, I related my dream nearly word for word as I have related it to you. Then we kneeled, all three, and put up such a triune prayer—three prayers in one—as would have made your soul tumultuously glad to hear. We slept no more that night—not we! How could we sleep right at the gates of heaven!

My father is living yet, good, serene old man! The bloom all came back to Miriam's lovely cheek very soon after that dream of mine; and she was, and is now, I believe, one of the happiest wives living; for, though I have never made any more good resolutions since that dreadful night, yet Heaven helps me every day.

### "BY AND BY."

BY MRS. MARY JANE PHILLIPS.

WHEN the dark clouds round thee gather,  
And the storms of life assail,  
Raise thy heart and say, "Our Father;"  
Let not hope and courage fail;  
For the sun is brightly shining  
Just beyond the clouds so nigh;  
See'st thou not their silver lining?  
Light shall greet thee "by and by"—  
"By and by."

When for lov'd ones thou art weeping—  
Lov'd ones who have gone before,  
Who, within the cold grave sleeping,  
Thou wilt see on earth no more,  
And thy heart is sad and weary—  
Check, O check the rising sigh;  
Look to heaven, trust in Jesus;  
Thou shalt meet them "by and by"—  
"By and by."

And when friendship's glow is fading,  
And the lamp of love burns pale,  
Raise thy heart and say, "Our Father;"  
Let not hope and courage fail.  
There's a friend who ne'er will leave thee,  
There's a love that *can not die*—  
Look to Jesus, he will give thee  
Light in heaven "by and by"—  
"By and by."

### THE BANKS OF THE PEARL.

BY PAULINA.

'Twas night, and a lovelier Eden ne'er knew,  
So softly the starlight fell over the dew,  
So sweetly the zephyr stole on to the wave,  
And bore from savannas the sigh of the slave;  
So raptured with beauty, so mute with delight,  
Sat Earth in thy glory, night, beautiful night,  
That wandering Peris their pinions might furl,  
And dream to the tones of the murmuring Pearl.

On glided the river, as placid its flow  
As heart-cradled dreams of the dear "long ago,"  
While orange-trees playfully flung o'er the tide  
Sweet blossoms, befitting the brow of a bride;  
These kissed the bright wavelet, 'neath Luna's pale  
ray,

And passed like the joys that we cherish away.  
Ah, well might high Heaven its banner unfurl,  
Above thy calm mirror, thou beautiful Pearl!

Sweet theme for a poet! an unwritten lay  
Swells up from each wave to the Author of day.  
How long shall a minor chord sadden the song?  
How long shall the weak be the prey of the strong?  
O river of Beauty, how oft has thy wave  
Enshrouded the hopeless, the suicide slave!  
Who passed from Life's fetters, and wearisome  
whirl,  
To death in thy bosom, thou beautiful Pearl!

## THE TWO CUPS.

BY REV. D. D. BUCK.

OUR Savior had two different cups presented to him just before he died, one of which he accepted and drank; but the other he tasted and refused. One of these cups contained the ingredients of great mental anguish and physical torture, such as would excite the bitterest cries, and even rend the material heart. The other cup was designed to alleviate his pains, and carry him through his mortal agonies with comparative ease. And it will be found on examination that the cup which he rejected was the one that would alleviate, and the cup which he accepted was the one that would excruciate. Both of these cups are spoken of in the Scriptures.

The cup of sorrow is referred to in several places, as in Matt. xxvi, 38: "Then saith he unto them, my soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death. 39: And he went a little further and fell upon his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." 42: "He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." 44: "And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words." Luke xxii, 44: "And being in agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Having learned his Father's will that he should drink the dreaded cup, he expressed to his disciples his perfect resignation in these beautiful words, John xviii, 11: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

The other cup he tasted, but refused. This cup was offered to him just as they were about to nail him to the cross. We have an account of this in Matt. xxvii, 33, 34, "And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, . . . they gave him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall; and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink." Our Savior was undoubtedly very thirsty, and desired to drink. Indeed, soon after he called for it with a loud voice. Supposing that this cup contained the common diluted sour wine, or vinegar, as it is called, which the soldiers had provided for their own use, he put the cup to his lips and tasted of it, intending to drink; but as soon as he perceived the nature of the mixture, he refused to drink it.

It is generally supposed that this cup contained the stupefying drink that was sometimes offered to persons about to undergo the agonies of a vio-

lent death, in order to alleviate their sufferings. One of the evangelists, giving the name of the ingredients, calls it "wine mingled with myrrh." Another, describing its nature, or taste, calls it vinegar mingled with gall." Vinegar—from the French *vin*, wine, and *aigre*, sour—literally means *sour wine*; and gall is descriptive of the intense bitterness of the myrrh that was put in to make it a powerful narcotic. There is no contradiction, then, between the two historians.

This cup was probably offered in kindness to our Savior, to enable him to undergo the tortures of the crucifixion, without being sensible of much suffering. Why, then, did he not drink it, and go through his sufferings as easily as possible? Already in Gethsemane the awful travail of his soul had nearly taken away his life; and was it needful that still greater anguish should be endured by him, in order to effect an atonement for sinners? Was any thing more than death necessary to fulfill the Levitical types? Or was the efficacy of his death to be estimated by the amount of mental agony and physical torture that he submitted to endure? Must we suppose that our heavenly Father was so dreadfully incensed, and so utterly implacable, that nothing but the extremest anguish of his only begotten Son could effect a propitiation?

The idea may not be familiar, but is it not evidently true that the sufferings and death of our Savior, for the one great purpose of making an atonement, must have been twofold in their intension, and have been equally adapted to affect both of the alienated parties? God and man were at variance; but Jesus suffered to effect a reconciliation. He endeavored to make an atonement; or, more literally, an at-one-ment between them. May we not consider the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus as having been designed, on the one hand, to draw the divine Being toward the offender; and, on the other hand, to draw the offending being toward him; thus making the atonement, in its practical operation, a mutual coming together of the alienated parties? The death of Jesus, his simple death, as the atoning Lamb of God, was all that was required to fulfill the Levitical types, and answer the divine purpose, so far as God himself was concerned. But the sufferings of our Savior, beyond the unavoidable pains of dying, may have been deemed necessary in the divine procedure, not to produce any effect on God himself, as if he demanded heart-rending tortures, in addition to the great and common pains of dying, but for the moral effects upon obdurate man, who needs such an example of self-sacrifice and terrible anguish,

endured on his own account, to melt his hard heart, and lead him to yield to superior goodness.

It may, indeed, be objected, that to move and subdue the sinner is the sole work of the Holy Spirit, and does not result from any good displayed, or pains endured by another. But how does the Holy Spirit savingly move the obdurate heart? Is it a direct, independent operation, without any well-adapted means, or appropriate instrumentalities? Or, as in every other divine work, so far as we know, are subordinate agencies and means employed by the Holy Spirit to effect his gracious purposes? This may be answered in a word, by observing, that the Holy Spirit usually operates upon the heart by means of the *truth*; and the common instrumentality is the Gospel itself, whereby saving truth is presented to the mind. And is it not a fact known to all Christians that the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus are uniformly used by the Divine Spirit to move the heart, in the case both of Christians, and of the unconverted? Our Lord himself thus prays for his disciples: "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." And the apostle James declares, "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth."

Now, if the inquiry be made, as to what portion or form of divine truth is most frequently and most effectually employed by the Spirit in begetting and in sanctifying our souls, will not the universal answer be, those portions which refer more particularly to what Jesus did and suffered for us? Is not the affecting story of the cross the mighty moral lever in the hand of the Spirit to move the world? Is it not both a hammer to break and a fire to melt the obdurate heart? Does not Calvary prove mightier than Sinai in the great work of reclaiming the lost world?

Perhaps we are now prepared to come more directly to our leading question: Why did not the Savior drink of the stupefying cup, and go through his dying agonies as easily as possible? As the ground of all other reasons, we may presume that he did not wish to have his mind stupefied in his dying hour. He knew that he had a work to do, even on the cross—a work that required the entire possession of his mental faculties during the whole of his mortal agonies. The soul of a fellow-sufferer was yet to be converted, by witnessing the spirit in which Jesus could forgive and suffer, and by yielding to the saving influence that emanated from the cross. And how many myriads have been encouraged to look to the Lord for mercy in their latest hour, by this affecting example of saving the penitent thief on the cross!

But this was not all; an aged and bereaved mother was yet to be provided for; a beloved disciple instructed and encouraged; prayer was to be offered for his executioners; and it behoved him yet to witness and endure still more of the malice of his relentless enemies. In the mysterious purposes of divine Wisdom, it was permitted that he should yet feel and exhibit an amount of mental anguish and physical suffering, the very report of which should ever after be a principal means of softening and sanctifying innumerable hearts in all nations of the world. Beggars by the wayside, slaves in the cotton-fields, peasants in their cottages, mariners upon the deep, prisoners in their dungeons, soldiers bleeding in the battle-field, savages in the wilderness, all should hear, believe, repent, and be saved under the influence of the story of the agonies of the cross.

The kind-hearted Savior, who beheld the end from the beginning, and who, in view of all that he must endure, yielded himself to the rage of his persecutors, and would not now shun the sufferings that were foreseen and foretold—why should he now, by partaking of the stupefying cup, refuse to experience the inexplicable and heart-rending grief occasioned by the hiding of his Father's face?

No, take away the stupefying poison; let human insult, and even divine withdrawal; let physical torture, and mental anguish—let all combined be borne with the brain unaffected, and the nerves even more than usually alive; let his soul now travail with the spiritual birth-pangs of a hundred generations of immortal souls.

Take away the lethean cup; it is kindly intended, perhaps, but it would be unkindness to millions to drink it. Let the voluntary sufferer remain perfectly himself during all the griefs and tortures he has consented to endure. Kings and queens, emperors and empresses, presidents, jurists, philosophers, poets, and statesmen; men of all dignities, minds of all grades, shall penitently bow, weeping and sighing at the story of the cross, as exhibiting what was more submissive, and yet more heroic, more human, and yet more divine than all history has ever recorded, or poetry has ever sung. Sculptors shall spend industrious years in almost superhuman toil, to chisel in imperishable stone the attitudes and lineaments of those mortal agonies; and ambitious limners shall exhibit miraculous skill in portraying those wonderful Calvary scenes on canvas that breathes and pulsates with artistic vitality from age to age. And weeping minstrelsy,

sacredly inspired, shall, from one generation to another, with organs and viols, with lutes and harps, and with the trembling tones of the human voice, cause Calvary's sighs, and groans, and cries to echo through cathedral arches and chapel walls; to thrill the peasant by his cottage hearth, and melt the heart of kings and queens in royal palaces. Great congregations, as well as private worshipers, shall be melted and profited by the music that gathers its moving inspiration from the tortures and sorrows of Gethsemane and the cross.

Take away the stupefying beverage, then: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Let sensitive life endure its living agonies, while relentless death is doing its deadly work. These crimson drops shall be diamonds of glory in the diadem of redeemed millions. These dying cries shall be songs of gratitude and shouts of rapture in cases as innumerable as the forest leaves. These mortal groans shall be mightier than miracles in subjugating a revolted world.

O what wisdom and knowledge our Savior possessed! He understood why—and this reconciled him to so dreadful a death. He did not suffer either accidentally or unwillingly. He knew the necessity; and he foresaw the result. He perceived beforehand the salvation and gratitude of a vast multitude that no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues. On the cross of agony he heard prospectively the heavenly minstrelsy of the new and everlasting songs that the redeemed shall sing before the throne: "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." He knew that he should "see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied;" and that by his knowledge he should justify many. Therefore he consented to bear their iniquities. The death was sorrowful, but the result shall be joyful. The bitter came before the sweet; the conflict before the victory. And this explains the words of the apostle, when speaking of "Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Then take away the cup that alleviates; he may not drink it. Bring forth the cup that ex-cruciates; this he will not refuse. The agonies it occasions are not required, on God's part, in order to meet the demands of the violated law, or

to fulfill the intention of the Levitical types, where death, simple, easy death, was all that was requisite. But these agonies are necessary on man's part, for their moral influence, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, to affect obdurate hearts, that they may be melted through sympathy, when they may not be moved by reason, or shaken by rational fear. The cup which human kindness offers he will not receive, though it might alleviate his mortal pangs. But the cup which his heavenly Father gives him, that he consents to drink, though it may crush his sorrowful spirit, and rend his throbbing heart.

So sometimes—to make a brief application—with the cup which our Father in heaven gives us to drink in this probationary state of being: it may, for the present, seem much more afflictive and dreadful than the cup which sincere but short-sighted friendship would present us; but, in the end, if we acquiesce with the true spirit of submission, it will work for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal."

### THE STORK NEST.

A PHILOSOPHER observed a stork nest on the roof of a farm-house. He came to the farmer and said, "How can you suffer these animals to dwell over your head?"

"Who would drive away a benevolent guest?" said the farmer, "do you not know that it brings blessings to the house?"

"During your superstition!" answered the philosopher, and laughed.

Then the other replied, "It may be superstition, but hospitality is itself a source of enjoyment if exercised even toward a harmless brute."

To this the philosopher said, "The stork, the swallow, and the owl\* can form their dwellings here with impunity; why then do you pursue the adder, the kite, and the martin?"

"How," answered the farmer, "shall we then honor the wicked and expect a blessing from our protection of the malicious?"

The philosopher departed, saying, "Strange that the holy voice of the heart sounds to him who has an ear to hear it, in the errors of man; and stranger still, that one can not prevent himself from esteeming it, even here!"

\* The three birds from which many superstitious persons expect favors.

## MARY STANLEY—A TRUE STORY.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

"Sunless riches, from affection's deep,  
To pour, on broken reeds, a wasted shower."

MRS. HEMANS.

"WE must meet no more, John; my father has heard of habits which he will not approve in any one. You know I have loved you; but rather than incur a parent's displeasure, we must meet no more."

"Those reports are false, Mary; it were enough to be the victim of a fiendish scandal, but far worse that your professed love should become cold and repelling."

"Say not so, John; no truer heart ever beat in human bosom; yet unless my father consent, our dream is over."

"I will meet your father on the morrow, and he shall know that honor still blesses the name of John Gardner. Farewell."

And so they parted, a young, beautiful girl, and a young man of finely-cultivated intellect.

In a private room, in the splendid dwelling of Lord C., then Prime Minister to King William IV, sat two men only—His Highness, Lord C., and a young man of interesting appearance. The first mentioned, immediately after the entrance of the second, inquired, in a stern way, why he was absent the evening previous; "for," said he, "I have seldom needed your service so much, and was compelled to obtain assistance from other secretaries, which was your duty to have performed."

The young man's color mounted to his forehead, his eyes fell upon the floor; he was evidently desiring to apologize, yet too much embarrassed to do so readily, which the other observing, remarked, in a milder tone, that he was not ignorant of his secretary's late irregularities, and that he had sent for him this morning, that he might say to him, that unless an immediate reformation be made in his habits, he should no longer consider him his secretary in so important a place. "Dispatches were received at a late hour last night, and it was highly important that a report be made to the honorable house of Lords for their consideration to-day."

"Will His Highness condescend to forgive the past misconduct of his servant? My honor stands pledged to him, that my best endeavors shall be at his service henceforth."

"That is a good promise; but are you capable of keeping that resolution? Your abilities are, John," continued he, "just what I desire in the

one employed in this department. Quick, accurate, a fine penman; no fault have I ever found, except your imprudence in wine. For your sake, for mine, may you remain firm!"

Busy rumor circulated the reprimand of the unsteady one, and they who were guilty as he, cast many a sneer, while envy had much to do in imbittering the story, for the salary was ample, besides the honor of the situation. Notwithstanding this, John Gardner still remained in the service of Lord C. The reports died away the sooner from the very vigor with which they were circulated.

"May God bless you, my darling Mary, and shield your husband from temptation!" was the blessing pronounced by Mary Stanley's father, as she was about to remove from the parental home to the waiting one of her husband.

"I will be his earthly guardian, father; my love will be a shield he can not turn aside," said the earnest-hearted daughter. It was to this end she had chosen for them a retired style of living, hoping thereby to win her husband's leisure hours to be spent with her. They would apply themselves to intellectual pursuits, which it would be so pleasant to acquire together. What a happy year did that first one prove! By how many an act of kindness did Mr. Gardner show himself a noble and tender husband, and how each act, whether of providence, or caress, sank down in the loving heart of the wife, to live forever! Confidence and true affection had blessed the passing days of this first year, and the second was following in its hallowed track.

There is a little group in Mr. Gardner's parlor—little, for they number only three, save a nestling bird in the cradle by the side of the fire. "Father, what shall we call our boy?" said the young mother gayly, as she drew forth the babe from its quiet slumber. "We have purposely waited till you would come."

"Let me see it;" and the grandparent looked gravely at the child. "Were it a daughter I would name it Mary. It has your own eyes, the same expression your own face wore in babyhood."

Mr. Gardner smiled, and desired Mr. Stanley "to name the boy, even though it did look like its mother."

"No, I'll not name him; suit yourselves, children, in choosing a name; it matters little, so you train him to honorable manhood."

"May we not call it William? That is your name," said the mother, still intent upon a name.

"Yes, William it is," said Mr. Gardner; and the matter was decided.

How he grew, that sweet boy, and how the mother strove to teach him winning ways! How she watched over him, with her own hand ministered to his every want! Very fine are the fibers which make the bond of maternal love—no selfish feeling there. Even such a mother was Mary Gardner.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years have passed by: a lady and two children are entering a coach for Liverpool, and an old man stands by weeping. He seems to hold the lady's hand that she may not enter; when speaking tremulously, he says, "I can not have you go, my Mary; I foresee sorrow," and he sobbed as only the bitterest grief can make an old man wail. The coach was waiting—no time for indecision.

"Calm your fears, dear father; I would not pain you thus; but my lot is with my husband. If he goes to America, I must go too; but here, do you take Willie, he is my parting gift," and she raised the child in her arms, and imprinted on his cheek one burning kiss, and gave him to the old man. He took the child mechanically, and amazed looked upon her as one reft of her senses. Then quickly gathering the other child in her bosom, she mounted the coach-steps, and they rolled away, while on the old man's ear fell the words, "In heaven, father." Pale and cold from the intensity of trial, the mother heard one cry from little "Willie," and she sunk upon a seat, while it seemed as if the strings of her heart were severing. "O, if I perish, my Willie will be safe!" and she strove to still the fearful commotion which was fast prostrating her physical strength. How she wept, as though life's bitterest fountain had been unsealed; and how the passengers stared and commented! Mary Gardner's husband—for it was she—had lost his place as secretary to Lord C., and stung with chagrin, had hastened to Liverpool, seeking such employment in the mercantile world as his talent might procure. One situation after another had discharged him on account of his frequent dissipation, when he resolved to go to America. He would there reform—in a new world begin a new life. This was the plea made to his wife.

"I most go and visit father, first," said she; "and," continued her husband, bitterly, "he will bid you not go."

"No, my husband, the hope of helping you change your course of life, is the prevailing thought of my mind, the desire of my inmost spirit."

And it was this parting visit we have just seen. Many times while at her father's she had thought to give him Willie; and then the mother's love would outrule the resolve. How could she part with him, he was so mild and loving; more yet, he was so beautiful; and thus she hesitated till her father's grief came up for pity, and her womanly resolution performed the sacrifice.

And now fears arose in her mind, and a mental defense went on, as to the manner in which she should meet her husband, after having given away their first-born. Keenly as she felt the void his happy face would make, the strange presentiment that it were better so, would assist her to endure.

The smoke of Liverpool was in sight, and the masts of vessels rose thick in the gathering twilight. Some stars were out, and the coach, with its sad passenger, was hastening onward.

"Really, Mary, I had scarcely hoped you would come back, when you went away," said Mr. Gardner, as he greeted his wife upon her return. "Is Willie asleep?" and he looked around inquiringly. His wife's pale face frightened him as he awaited an answer.

"Father grieved so that I should leave him, that I gave him Willie to raise. Our fortunes have already changed, and we know not what adverse circumstances may yet be ours; and you know, dear John, that father will spare no pains in nurturing him."

A frown settled upon the man's face, and then came tears. He reached forth his hand and took little Jonnie, saying as he did so, "I was not prepared for this. Many times it occurred to me, that you might not return, for most painfully do I realize that my altered fortune has nothing to compare with your father's affluence, and I thought if you did so, I could not blame you; though my resolutions should be cast to the winds, I would wreck my bark as soon as might be. But now that you have come, methinks I can scarcely brook the loss of my dear little boy."

How she strove to divert his sorrow, and to plead fatigue and need of sleep; and how, when she would have slept, sharp pain shot through her temples, and her cheek burned, and her limbs were cold, and her heart swelled as she sought to stifle sighs; and how an involuntary groan would sometimes escape, as the cry of Willie, and the grief of her father, would pass before her mind, whenever her eyelids closed! And then how her spirit would be raised in silent prayer, that God would bless all she loved on earth, and bring them all to live with him in

heaven; that he would forgive, for the Savior's sake, each one that erred.

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The bustle, the hurry incident to packing goods and provisions for a voyage at sea were over. All were aboard. A beautiful morning it was when they lost sight of land. Many were upon deck taking a final look of the receding shore; and among them Mrs. Gardner. When nothing could be seen but the blue waters all around, she hurried down to the cabin, where, seating herself quickly, she gave way to a passionate flood of tears; for, brave woman though she was, her heart quailed when she realized that she had indeed left the land of her birth, her mother's grave, where the roses of a lifetime had been blooming, her good father, and precious Willie. And the voyage seemed so like the promise of her future life—cold, chilly storms arose, and now and then a strange fear of perishing by the elements. Already disappointed, she might nevermore look trustingly upon the future. No matter how fair the promise, there would arise misgivings. And then such a cherishing of hope as she sought to cultivate; like the rare plant which the florist fears to lose, alike because of its value and its frailty.

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A rainy, cheerless day, in late November, a man might have been seen walking moodily along a street in Baltimore, with little apparent concern of rain or cold. It is the usual hour for tea. His walk continues for some time; at length he reaches a door, which he enters without ceremony. There is a look of comfort within, a pleasant fire, beside which are two little children, clean and healthy, and their mother with a smiling though sad countenance. The man speaks not, but sitting by the fire with hat on, and wet coat, seemed to forbid a greeting. The mother breaks the silence by saying that the evening meal is ready, and inquires "if he had not better put on a dry coat, that one is so wet?"

"Go away with the coat," said he, roughly, "if you have any supper I will eat," advancing toward the little room where the table stood in readiness.

A tear starts in the eye; but is quickly wiped away. There is a painful uncertainty in her husband's manner, yet she ventures not to ask any explanation. After a silent meal the man resumes his seat by the fire. The little boy steals up to his father's side, and placing his little hand upon his knee, looks timidly, wishfully up, as if for some caress, when the hand is cast aside, and in sternness the father tells him, "I am wet, go

to your mother." This is too much for the little fellow, for he has not learned the discipline by which his mother's feelings are controlled, and he sobs and weeps, till the mother, by many soothing words, and quiet rocking, has hushed her boy's sorrow in childhood's dream. The children sleep, when the husband, drawing his boots, puts his feet in the slippers at his side, and assumes a more social aspect, when, how she starts as he says:

"I wish you was back to England, Mary; 'tis a poor business following a wretch like me over the world. The cursed liquor! [and he stamped his foot for emphasis.] I am going out west, to Ohio, to set up for school-teacher. It does not cost much to live there, and I am done here, discharged, and in debt. We'll be saved any trouble in packing, as the authorities will do that for us," and he smiled in bitterness.

"O John, what are we coming to!" and the poor wife's tears coursed scaldingly down her cheeks.

What a prospect was hers! They had commenced with a good salary in Baltimore, a situation procured by a letter from a gentleman in Liverpool, through a promise from Gardner, that once in America he would become a temperate man. But the merchant used wine, and the clerks drank brandy, and the good resolutions of him of whom we speak were like the early dews, so soon they passed away. She had seen the growing sourness of his temper, the wickedness of his language; self-respect was fast leaving him, poverty was now staring them in the face, and strangers looked on their changing situations with contempt. And now to the west, a long and tedious journey to be accomplished; certain it was they could not go before spring, and yet they can not stay here.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are there any letters for me?" said an intelligent-looking lady to the postmaster, who, it seemed, knew her name. A letter was handed her—a large one. She glances at it, and hurries into the street; but no, she can not wait, as she had first thought to do. She looks, and falls upon the pavement. She is caught and borne into the house. Her hand still grasps the letter, ah! more—a profile. A few moments, and she is again conscious, when she inquires what has occurred. The bystanders tell her.

"Ah! yes; this letter is from my father, the portrait is of my eldest boy, I left with him in England. But really I must hasten home, my little children are alone," and she at once rose to leave.

"I would be happy to have you stay," said the affable French woman.

"Call and see me, Mrs. Leclerg," returned the first, frankly, and, bidding adieu, bends her steps homeward.

The children's noisy play is heard at a distance, yet the mother, upon entering, little heeds the confusion. After arranging some domestic matters, she looks at the clock—it is three o'clock—and she sits down to read again the letter, to look a satisfying look at the picture, and to relieve her heart with unchecked tears. And so she reads, and weeps, and gazes upon that little face, though she sees not clearly as she would, for dimness of sight, clouded by the tears. Part of the letter Willie has written. Altogether, it brings back, with a freshness untold, her better days. It was no dream. They who have trodden life's even path may tell of the past, as like a dream; but she, whose feet are bleeding and bruised from the thorns and roughness of her journey, whose brain is aching with the deep lines which sorrow has traced, remembers too vividly—it is all real. She puts them carefully aside, and with calmer feelings commences their evening meal. The husband will soon return, and every effort is being put forth to render that return pleasant.

In a village upon the banks of La Belle Riviere Mr. Gardner is engaged in teaching. Some years have elapsed since he left Baltimore, and change has been rapidly succeeding to change, with no visible improvement in the condition of himself or family; their number has increased, and so has the mother's care. The labor of the household devolves upon her, and that toil goes unrepaired by aught of kindly word, or sympathy. The children are rude and willful, and the father governs as the fit of passion dictates, while the mother may not enforce obedience.

"I have received a letter to-day," said Mrs. Gardner, as she handed to her husband the missive so precious to her.

He commences reading, and it seems as if the man's better nature is struggling for ascendancy; his countenance softens, when, as if fearing a better feeling, he casts the paper aside, and asks her for the picture. She trembles while reaching it to him, lest he, knowing how priceless it was to her, might destroy it.

"The old man is making a fool of him," said he; "here, take it, I am going down street."

How thankful to clasp it again! and yet that "going down street" bodes no good. Another night is to be added to long sleepless ones which have so often been her lot. With what earnest-

ness her prayer is filled: "Lead him not into temptation, deliver us from evil," is the burden borne by the Recording Angel to the book on high.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Father, our teacher was asleep to-day. He lay down on a seat, and we all did as we pleased, till his Johnnie awakened him, and then he said school was out, and we might have been home long ago, but we stopped to play."

"To play!" repeated the parent, "you should have come home, and I will attend to your diversions myself. Is there to be school to-morrow?"

"He didn't say any thing about it. I don't know," said the child.

In the morning Mr. Moore directed his steps to the cottage of the teacher, and, knocking at the door, is met by the lady of the house, of whom he inquires "if Mr. Gardner is in?"

"He is, sir; but quite unwell this morning."

"Ah! I called over to see if he would be able to attend school to-day."

"He thinks not; but wishes me to say that he will be there to-morrow, if possible."

"We would like to have more certainty in the one employed as a school-teacher," said Mr. Moore, reproachfully, and then bidding the lady "good morning," left.

Mrs. Gardner has trials multiplied to-day. Husband is in bed, yet churlish and exacting; the babe is fretful, and the larger children being at home, seem to regard it as a time of special mischief. After having upset a bucket of water, broken with their ball the looking-glass, and committed various other misdemeanors, for which curses from their father had been bestowed without stint, they are persuaded by their mother to go away from the house to play. A little quiet is secured. The babe is hushed to sleep, the sick man becomes unconscious, also; and the mother moves silently around, to bake, and prepare for afternoon meal.

She "would not get any dinner," she had told the children, "but they should have a hearty supper, and, perhaps, their father could eat with them."

Some two hours have glided away, when the voices of children, talking and crying, announce their return.

"Mother, just look here," said the eldest boy, sobbing, "just look how Jim Vernon scratched my face; when I get bigger I'll whip him well," and the excited boy seemed to feel himself the victim of some grievous wrong.

"Johnnie, Johnnie, how often have I told you not to fight, 'tis a wicked thing; and now your

face is bleeding, your clothes torn; besides what a bad example you set for your little brothers!"

"I don't care, mother; I'll tell you how 'twas. You see, we went down there to play, and there was Jim Vernon, and some more boys, and Jim asked me where father was? and I told him he was at home sick in bed; and then he said my father was a drunkard, and that was what made him sick; and I wouldn't hear that, and so we had a fight; and some man made us quit. I've seen Dr. Vernon drink wine one time when I was there, and some gentlemen were there, and I told him that father had drank wine many a time with nicer folks than he ever saw. Hasn't he, mother?"

"Hush, Johnnie, you distract me."

She dared not reprove her child as she wished; the father had been listening to the recital of the boy's difficulty, and was disposed to encourage his valor.

A man who wore a somewhat rusty coat, which had once been a good one, with a hat of the same description, might have been seen passing through a thinly, newly-settled neighborhood. He carried a paper, upon which he was endeavoring to obtain signatures, to the end that he might become the man in authority over their children, in a little log school-house, situated some distance from the river, upon the banks of a brooklet, with a hill upon each side, and the oaks of a century yet undisturbed around it. The house was a quaint one of the olden time—built of round logs, roofed with clapboards, held to their respective places by logs placed upon them, a little low door on wooden hinges, a large fireplace, which did well its part in making red eyes for all who might seek to warm; and then, two windows, some six feet wide, and of the height of the logs, which had been sawed out for their insertion, one log for each window. Some two weeks and the school is opened—children, and half-grown boys and girls, many of whom are conning the alphabet, with not an advanced scholar in the crowd of twenty-five that gather around the "teacher" upon this first morning. Here he is, the man who might have held companionship with the honorable of the world's proudest realm. And humble as is the place, he is not now worthy of it.

Like unto the school-house is the cabin where wife and children are to live, as best they can. Many were the hardships which fell to their portion during the two succeeding years—years in which want, and disgrace and ill-treatment,

and fear, had been each doing its work, crushing out the life of that martyr-woman.

How the free light of the moon beams calmly, coldly down on the snow-shrouded earth! 'Tis beautiful; we cast open the shutter, that we may gaze upon the white rays that fall on curtain, and carpet, and farther wall; and then sink into sweet reveries. The bereaved remembers dear forms lying under the pitiless snow. The stranger pictures the moonlight dancing on the waters of some far-off elime, the home of childhood. Each human heart will have a contemplation adapted to its condition, mental and physical. On such a night, how mocking seems the freezing light to an outcast family!

"They say Gardner turned his wife and children out of doors last night," said a young farmer to his companion as they sat at the breakfast table.

"Can not something be done for that poor woman?" inquires the wife as her tears find way.

"Not unless men would cease to supply Gardner with liquor. The man who sells him alcoholic drink would steal, were there no penal law to prevent," rejoined the husband.

"You are very weary; will you not lie down?" said a sick woman to a visitor, who came apparently much exhausted.

"I knew it was too far for me to walk," said Mrs. Barker; "but I heard that you were about leaving the neighborhood, and I was very anxious to see you. Have you necessities to make you comfortable?" said the friend.

"I have not; but do not tell it."

Wasting, pining away, yet the trials which were draining life must be concealed as far as may be. Yet to this one friend would she reveal little by little; how they had no bread, nor meat, nor milk; how she could do without, but 'twas so bad for the children; how dreadful cross her husband was; and she suffered from fear, lest in an evil hour a violent death might fall upon them. "Were it not for little Jane, I could wish to close my eyes in a last, long sleep."

"You may see better times," said the visitor, and with many words of encouragement did she try to soothe "the bitterness for which there was no healing." "If you will let one of your boys go home with me, I will send some things to make you comfortable."

"It will not do for me to let John know that I received charity."

"Well, then, if he should be absent a day, send them."

Thus arranged, because of his drunken fury, and thus, through kindness stealthily bestowed, the sick woman recovered.

"I wish that I might write once more to my dear old father," said Mrs. Gardner to a lady at whose house the family were waiting a boat, to go farther west.

"Why don't you do it?" asks Mrs. Hart.

"John has forbidden it; and I have no money to pay postage."

The lady goes to a drawer, and hastily collecting conveniences for writing, gave them to the desolate one, bidding her go up stairs and write all she wished, "and leave the letter here, I will send it."

"Heaven bless you!" and she hastened to write. She had but just finished when a boat was landed, and they were gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years rolled by. The neighborhood was changed. A very few remained of its first settlers. A hot day in August, a man is seen coming in a gate, travel-worn, and old, with poor clothing, a little bundle tied in a cotton handkerchief, borne on the end of a stick upon his shoulder. A farmer and his wife are sitting in a grape-shaded porch; the man asks for a drink, which being given, he sits down upon the step, and commences a conversation with the farmer. The wife looks on a few moments, when, in a low tone, she tells her husband—

"It's Gardner."

The farmer asks him if he was ever here before.

"Yes," is the reply, "I kept school once, further up that little stream."

"And our name?" inquired Mr. Hart.

"My name is Gardner."

"May I ask where is your wife?" said Mrs. Hart.

"My wife! she is dead, and gone to — ten years ago," returned the brutish man.

"She was too good for you," was the sharp rejoinder of the farmer's wife; for she it was, who so many years before had mailed the last letter, perhaps, that Mrs. Gardner's father may have received from his heart-broken Mary. She inquires for the children.

"The little girl had died before her mother; and the boys were men, wandering here and there, and hard drinkers."

But one thing more, and we are done, which is, that where a love for strong drink is once predominant, a promise of reformation, however strongly pledged, if made with a view to marriage, is seldom, if ever, kept inviolate.

## A LOST RACE.

BY RONALD, OF INDIANA.

STRANGE beings have peopled this old world of ours. There have been races of men and women who built cities which were the homes of busy thousands; they erected temples—spacious, massy, and costly; they built fortifications, they reared pyramids, they talked politics, they "imbibed" the ardent, they had "fast young men," and possibly—barely possible—young ladies who got up balls, invited the other sex, escorted them to and fro, and paid the bills during leap-year. Yet have they died—for nations die as truly as individuals—and left no record telling us who they were.

Each continent has memorials of its long-lost and forgotten races. America has them. Their mounds, their fortifications, their pottery, their metal remains—all interest us in the question who were they? "The ten tribes of Israel," shouts one. "The Tartars," cries another. Each savant has a theory, and in attestation of its verity, is willing to shed—a bottle of ink. And yet, after all, they are lost races. Individually I have been a convert to sundry theories accounting for their origin and disappearance, and have proved, each in its turn, as clearly as our modern exegesis demonstrate the meaning of *doulos*, *despotes*, and *baptizo*. Each in turn has been abandoned, as some merciless matter-of-fact-man blew up the whole fabric with a well-put objection.

Among the ruins of an old building belonging to the Cotton Matherian age, were found some mysterious relics. They consisted of articles of clothing of singular texture and fashion, an enumeration of which may be dispensed with. Let it suffice to say, they were variously diverse from modern style. There was an antique charm, however, about them, such as lingered about the stone with the remarkable inscription, which so completely puzzled the eighteen learned societies, but the discovery of which so immortalized the illustrious Mr. Pickwick. There was a mixed yarn ball, covered with leather neatly sewed up, with four seams, crossing each other at right angles. There were some fragments of string, a strap, a singularly-shaped knife with a bone handle, and a blunt-pointed blade. There was also a queer-looking volume discovered among the rubbish. A solemn investigation could give no light. It was then suggested that an examination of the effects should be made by the "Oldest Inhabitant." This gentleman came, and carefully dusting the Brazilian pebble glasses of his gold-rimmed spectacles, began his inspec-

tion. It was impressive to see him. The knife was first placed in his hands, and was closely scrutinized. From internal marks he came clearly to the opinion that it had a postdiluvian origin, and he inclined to think the style more modern than the cutlery got up in the establishment of Mr. Tubal-Cain. This conjecture was violently strengthened by finding upon the heel of the blade the letters BARLOW. This, it was clear, was either the name of the maker, or the place of manufacture, or of the owner; it was evident that it was not a private cost-mark—that demands ten letters, *e. g.*: 12 3456 78910, which cabalistic letters a young counter-hopper showed were used in marking goods, and there was one for each numeral, while ten went for naught. The argument was answerable, and specially pleasant to a partner in a rival house, who was thus being posted in a private cost-mark, which he had been zealously seeking. It was agreed *nem. con.* that the inscription meant something else.

Next came the volume, and upon close inspection the old gentleman insisted that he could read it. It contained several antiquated and exploded maxims, which marked it as belonging to an earlier and ruder age—an anti-Shanghai, anti—"brick-in-the-hat," anti—"long-nine" period. It only needs to quote a couplet: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"—"Honor thy father and thy mother." This second was received with bursts of laughter, and declared, without a division, to be the richest joke of the season, notwithstanding Henry Ward Beecher and John G. Saxe had been out lecturing.

Next the connoisseur took up the clothing; the Brazilian glasses were again wiped, and he scrutinized each article with a wise look, which would have done honor to Pindar's renowned magpie, which,

"With neck awry,  
And cunning eye,  
Peeped knowingly into a marrow-bone."

He laid them down, and gave the deep hem which always heralded the utterance of important truth, and announced that his mind was made up, and he would pronounce his decision. This produced a general hush. He treated of the list of articles *seriatim*. The instrument of bone and—hypothetical—steel he said was a *bona-fide* pocket-knife, and that he had read of instruments much used in swapping, and on pine shingles, called Barlow knives. This display of profound erudition caused a deep sensation; but he seemed not to observe it; so modest is

true learning. The volume he pronounced a catechism; upon that point Bibliographers might say what they would, his mind was made up; he had seen one in the hands of his great grandfather, and could not be mistaken when he asserted that this was of the same *genus*, if not the same *species*. As to the clothing, the principal article was a bifurcated garment, yet of ancient cut, yet he was sure he had seen similar garments; that he had seen them engraved, and had more than once *seen them in oil*. From all the data, from a vast aggregation of reasons, archaeological, hermeneutical, and inductio-philosophical, he *fully believed these interesting and singular relics were once de facto the property of an individual of the now extinct race of beings known as boys*. He was conscious of the gravity and importance of the questions; also, of his own weakness—he never claimed to be a Rawlinson or a Layard; here the indignant expostulations of his auditory assured him he *was*, only more so. He bowed meekly and went on. All doubts as to the existence of such a race were now and forever happily solved. And furthermore, as a single bone enabled Cuvier to describe the whole organism of—say the mastodon—a single scale had given to Agassiz the history and habits of fish caught in a far-off sea, so this leather-covered ball, these bits of string, this knife, bearing the rescued Barlow brand, this bifurcated raiment, all joined in rescuing from oblivion, in fixing the habits and constructing the history of the

#### LOST RACE OF BOYS.

Overcome by the brilliance of the discovery, and the cogency of the argumentation, I retired to muse, to think, to meditate, to write. Here was a subject calculated to test my maturest ethnological researches, and which, carefully brought out, would doubtless have an important bearing upon jurisprudence and the price of peanuts. I shall also display much etymological research, for the object of writing is of course twofold: first, to inform the public; and secondly, to display the learning of the writer. The second shall first be attended to. Thanks to Webster's Quarto Dictionary, a man can now display a critical knowledge of languages he never studied, and can speak learnedly of dialects he never read.

The origin of the word, like the letters of Junius, and the authorship of Shakspeare's plays, and other great subjects, is involved in mystery. In Persian it was *back*. The crabbed Welch gives us *baegen*, from *bae*, little; the Armenian is *buguel*, a child; the Danish has the miserable

form of *pog*—Irish *pig* seems to be derived from the same root, and denotes little. Turning now to the grave Latin, we find it there as *puer*, a child, one between a mere child and a young man; a boy, a servant, etc.; it was also used as a term of endearment, as, "come, my boy," etc.

This is the etymology of the word, and I flatter myself that such an array of authorities must be regarded as settling some points most conclusively—the term did most unquestionably denote juvenility, or, more plainly, an age short of adolescence, yet bordering in approximate proximity upon it; also, that it denoted one not fully grown. These I am prepared to defend against all opposers.

It may be said that my demonstrated facts overthrow my proposition that the race of boys is extinct; that there are males of the size and age so clearly described. That is true; but such persons should know that a controversy is not settled by the ascertained etymological signification of a term. We must ascertain the *usus loquendi*; or, as a western orator forcibly remarked, "We must bow to the voice of the *vox populi*," than which proposition there can be nothing clearer. The dictionary defines this word to mean a state of immaturity, want of vigor, of judgment. Hence Beaumont says, "boy-blind," meaning undiscerning. Dryden uses "boyism," and Swift "boyhood," to denote puerility and immaturity. The definition don't meet the facts. Young men of eleven and twelve years of age, are among our best judges of the good points of a horse—of the complexion, dress, bijoutry, and accomplishment of a lady; the performances of a theater; the embellishments of Harper's Magazine; the preachers who can interest a refined audience, and make a sermon almost as good as a show, and those who are fogies and bores, that don't even quote Byron. They are good judges of cigars, brandy, walking-sticks, tailors, and hatters. In the etiquette of a ball, a party, a masquerade, a duel, they are perfectly *au fait*. Immature, indeed! These young gentlemen know that they have calmer, cooler, and more highly clarified views than their parents; that they are for more capable of taking care of themselves than the progenitors aforesaid. Dickens's Harry Walmers is not the only young man of eight, who has planned a trip toward Gretna Green, with his delectable Norah, nor the first defeated by the complicity of some hypocritical Cobbs, entertaining the antiquated notion that the youngsters had better be sent home. Nor is he the first who has taken a trip on his own responsibility, and or-

dered oysters, jam, toast, and currant wine. The definition is faulty, as all must see.

In short, we have now no intermediate step between boyhood and fast-young-manhood. From the cradle to the saloon, from the bib to the gent's shawl, from bread and butter to brandy, the distance is cleared by a single bound. The baby of yesterday is the Young America of to-day; the swaggering, booted, cravated b'boy of the streets, the "case," the "regular brick," the "cove," the "jail-bird."

Having demonstrated the fact that the race has passed away, I shall endeavor to rescue some of its traits from oblivion and place them upon the record of impartial history. This shall be done from two sources—contemporaneous writers, and living testimony, of which there is happily a little left.

There is, however, much perplexity in contemporaneous history, arising from the disposition of the writers to treat of the *concrete* boy, instead of the *abstract* logical boy. It is either a school-boy, or apple-boy, or news-boy, or pie-boy, or match-boy, or perpetually the boy with his accidents, instead of the boy abstract and apart. Yet we must grapple with these cumulative difficulties, and from them endeavor to eliminate the true ideal boy as he lived in the past.

I begin my quotations from an ancient poem lying before me, which reads as follows:

"O were you ne'er a school-boy,  
And did you never train,  
And feel that swelling of the heart  
You ne'er shall feel again?"

My space will not permit me to quote the whole of this poem; from it I gather that boys were earnest, warm-hearted, impulsive creatures, given to display paper caps, scarfs—but they never liked "aprons"—tin swords, and perfectly fearless in conflict with ganders and mullen-stalks.

"The boy is bent on mischief."

Such instances are common in such ancient chronicles as I have perused. They—the boys, not the sentences—appear to have been "chock full of teter," whether in school or on board ship. They hid the spectacles of grandpa, put pebbles in the coffee-mill, the trundle-bed into the cistern, the powder-flask into the ten-plate stove, set bantam on addled eggs, and hung puss with the clothes-line; grandmothers found cuckleburs in the spare bed, and the young turkeys drowned in the spring, the result of the efforts made by the boys to teach them to swim. A boy about a house was as convenient as a cat. Did the ax get under the snow? Boy did it. Did the

pigs get in the garden? Boy did it. Did the suitor of the oldest girls stumble into a kettle of blue-dye? It was the fault of the boy. He seems, in short, to have been a perfect Puck—a miniature elf.

But I find quotations are troublesome. I shall turn to living testimony. This is scarce; but there is some of it. Indeed, I sometimes fancy that I lived a short time prior to the extinction of the race, for I occasionally detect myself telling a young gentleman about ten years of age, how I did when I was a boy! My paternal ancestor still more frequently alludes to the time when he was a boy; and from the way he seems to have studied, and worked, and demeaned himself, that must have been a golden age, and the boys rare specimens. But there is one sad drawback. My grandfather described just such an age, and just such a class; but they lived nearly half a century sooner. Since then, he insisted boys had been of no account. And I will here confess that this age of good boys is one of the most difficult things I ever tried to settle. Its distance is inversely as the square of the witnesses' age. In one thing they *all* agree—there were boys who worked hard when no one watched them, who never filched sugar from the bowl, never played hockey, who were industrious, and civil, and always "made their manners." But Mr. A., jr., tells me that it was in his day, and he was one of them; whereas Mr. A., sr., tells me that these things were in *his* day—not in jr.'s.—that A., jr., was a sad dog—would shirk, and wouldn't work. The thing itself I believe, of course, but believe that my attempts to make the dates synchronize are all failures.

Time was when the boyhood dared not to monopolize the dress of manhood. The long-tailed coat, the boots, the fur hat—these were awful badges of manhood. But Young America has seized them all. It rides its fast horse, attends its own saloon, drives its own turnout, wears its own dagger and revolver, and avenges its own real or fancied insults. And all this at an age which in the days of boys was held highly appropriate for spanking. In that regard, I feel like praying for the coming in of good old times.

"Fast uns" curse and swear at seven; read yellow novels—brimstone in origin, sulphurous in odor and result—at nine; "play cards at ten; drink "brandy-smashes" at eleven; engage in riots at twelve; and at eighteen go to the penitentiary. How different the employment of boys at these same ages! And when those boys became men, how different the destiny and reputation!

"Boys" went to school; "Young America" goes to the opera. "Boys" were not allowed to be out nights; "Young America" "runs all night." "Boys" bought licorice; "Young America" buys tobacco. "Boys" were rude and mischievous; "Young America" is mean and devilish. These are some points of contrast between the past and present races—between the dead and the living. Which is the better type of juvenility? Which wore brighter signs of budding promise?

Boyish fun, rollicking and uproarious as it was, boisterous as it became, nevertheless came from kind hearts. If there was passion, a hasty blow, soon repented and soon forgotten, passed, and all was right. Young America has often a deep-settled malignity, which sits strangely upon its youthful countenance. It has learned to *hate*. It is vindictive.

No, no! No Young America for me. Give me boyhood—boyhood with dirty face, and ragged trowsers, and brimless hat, and high impulses, in preference to its successor—yes, in preference a thousand times over! Boyhood can have its face washed, its trowsers mended, and its hat replaced; and then boyhood can ripen into manhood—real manhood—earnest, practical, honest manhood. Current Young America can not. It can produce ruffians, sharpers, and knaves; but true manhood—never!

There is a good time coming; there shall be another race of boys, and then another race of men. Prophecy declares the "streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets." Young America then shall die out, and boys come again. They shall, as in days of old, be full of frolic—"playing"—giving the loud shout and hearty hurrah.

#### CASTLE BUILDING.

REV. WILLIAM E. CHANNING thus warned a youthful relative against the too common practice of building houses in the air:

"Do any thing innocent rather than give yourself up to reverie. I can speak on this point from experience; for at one period of my life, I was a dreamer and castle-builder. Visions of the distant and future took the place of present duty and activity. I spent hours in reverie. The body suffered as much as the mind. The imagination threatened to inflame the passions, and I found, if I meant to be virtuous, I must dismiss my musings. The conflict was a hard one; but I resolved, prayed, resisted, sought refuge in occupation, and at length triumphed."

## TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY CHARLES C. M'CAKE.

My mother, four long years have fled  
 Since thou didst pass away;  
 Thy body slumbering with the dead,  
 Thy soul in realms of day.  
 Ah! well do I remember thee,  
 My mother, ever dear;  
 Thy peaceful face, thy beaming eye,  
 Thy voice so sweet and clear!  
 I well remember how you watched  
 Beside my bed of pain;  
 And how the tears would fill those eyes—  
 They ne'er shall fill again!  
 I used to bring my little chair,  
 And place it at thy side,  
 And listen to you while you sang  
 Of Jesus crucified.  
 You used to tell me of the land  
 Where weary pilgrims rest—  
 Where little children, if they're good,  
 Shall lean on Jesus' breast.  
 I love to think that very soon  
 Again thy face I'll see;  
 That soon I'll clasp thy spirit-hand,  
 And walk and talk with thee.  
 Then O how happy shall we be,  
 Sweet mother, in thy home!  
 When death's kind angel calls for me,  
 And Jesus whispers, come,  
 O then with joy my soul shall fly,  
 His summons to obey!  
 You will be there, my mother dear,  
 To bear my soul away.  
 And when you come to take me home,  
 Bring Willie with you too,  
 And that dear sister whom I love,  
 But whom I never knew.  
 And when I ope my spirit eyes,  
 And see you waiting near,  
 I think I'll know you by that smile  
 Which only mothers wear.  
 And then you'll strike your golden lyre,  
 And as we mount up on high,  
 The song of welcome angels sing  
 Shall echo from the sky.  
 O, thus the voice that cheered my heart  
 In childhood's happy hours,  
 Shall sing my triumph when I reach  
 Heaven's brighter, fairer bowers!  
 You'll wander with me, mother dear,  
 Along life's river fair;  
 You'll wreath my spirit-brow with flowers,  
 That grow in fragrance there.  
 And then with Jesus we will live,  
 And with him ever reign:  
 Who meet on that eternal shore,  
 Shall never part again.

## THAT HOPE IS DEAD.

BY LUELLE CLARK.

O WONDER not that bitter tears  
 Thus unrebuked should start,  
 For one more precious hope, alas!  
 Has died from out my heart.  
 Another drop of bitterness  
 Has mingled in life's cup,  
 Another bud of promised joy  
 Untimely withered up.  
 Another rankling barb of grief  
 Into my heart is cast,  
 And on my path a shadow lies  
 Far heavier than the last.  
 One memory more of sad import  
 Is to my keeping given,  
 And from its place an anchor lost,  
 To which my soul had striven.  
 Thus from the heart life's holiest hopes  
 Die out by slow degrees,  
 As one by one the faded leaves  
 Fall from the forest trees.  
 Better been prostrate by the blast,  
 With their spring verdure on,  
 Than thus to stand at autumn time  
 With all their greenness gone.  
 And, O, 'twere better in life's May,  
 Amid life's hopes to fall,  
 Than lingering see those hopes decay,  
 Until bereft of all.

## ROSA'S BED.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

LAY down her graceful head  
 With violets low;  
 Hallow her garden-bed  
 Where roses blow.  
 Lightly the turf shall lie  
 On her young breast;  
 Soft—lay her tenderly  
 Down to rest.  
 Bright birds, with starry wing,  
 Guard o'er her sleep,  
 While their sweet songs they sing,  
 Tireless shall keep.  
 Children their bounding feet  
 Careful to stay,  
 By her low grave shall meet  
 Day after day.  
 Holy shall be her grave,  
 Calm her repose;  
 Tears fall and flowers wave  
 Over our Rose.

KNEEL only at the shrine of truth;  
 Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame.

## LIONS AND LION HUNTING.

WE know very little about lions, considering our centuries of observation, and the abundant examples on which that observation has been exercised; and the reason is that we have known the lion only in captivity, under very deceptive circumstances. Even travelers and naturalists, perfectly aware of the fact that he belongs to the feline race, describe him as if the broad daylight, and not the stormy midnight, were his element; and because sometimes a traveler has found himself in daylight, face to face with a half-sleepy lion moving from his couch on account of the flies in the sun, and because this lion, in a state of beatific digestion—having the night before devoured an ox—does not smite the traveler to the earth, the idea of his magnanimity and generosity have become circulated, or because in this state he generally declines combat, especially if fired at, the idea of his cowardice has also gained acceptance. Had naturalists studied this majestic animal, in the mountain gorges from twilight till dawn; had they watched him coming to drink at the stream, or in the forests when the moon has risen, or dashing among the tents when beef will not satisfy his epicurean taste eager for man's flesh—in a word, had they watched him, as Gerard has, rifle in hand, lonely, with the intense eagerness of a hunter whose life depends upon his minutest observation being accurate, we should have another conception of the lion from that to be derived by a study of books, or an inspection of menageries.

Jules Gerard, whom the French with just pride surname "*Le Tueur de Lions*," has given two volumes,\* the results of his observation, and the recital of his encounters—works of fascinating interest, from which we propose to condense a few details.

Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place toward the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance.

The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious.

An Arab perched in a tree one night, saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion with full-grown mane; she lay down at the foot of a tree; the lion stopped on his path, and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distinct growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched toward her, as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness rose as if to go toward him. But her husband, guessing her intention, bounded toward his rival. The two crouched and sprang on each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air; and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off, quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This, Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of *Milady*; whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attention.

Our lion then is married, let us say. He is the slave of his wife. It is she who always takes precedence; when she stops he stops. On arriving at a *douar*—the collection of tents: what we call a "village"—for their supper, she lies down while he leaps into the inclosure, and brings to her the booty. He watches her while she eats, taking care that no one shall disturb her; and not till her appetite is satisfied does he begin his meal. Toward the end of December, they seek an isolated ravine, and there she presents her lord with one, two, and sometimes three puppies, generally one male and one female. If the reader

\*1. *Le Tueur de Lions*. Par Jules Gerard. Paris: 1855.

2. *La Chasse au Lion et les autres Chasse de l'Algérie*. Par Jules Gerard. Paris: 1854.

has ever seen and handled a puppy lion, he will understand the idolatry of mother and father. She never quits them for an instant, and he only quits them to bring home supper. When they are three months old their weaning commences. The mother accustoms them gradually to it, by absenting herself for longer and longer periods, and bringing them pieces of mutton, carefully skinned. The father, whose habitual deméanor is grave, becomes fatigued by the frivolous sports of his children, and for the sake of tranquillity removes his lodging to a distance, within reach, however, to render assistance if required. At the age of four or five months the children follow their mother to the border of the forest, where the father brings them their supper. At six months old they accompany father and mother in all nocturnal expeditions. From eight to twelve months they learn to attack sheep, goats, and even bulls; but they are so awkward that they usually wound ten for one they kill; it is not till they are two years old that they can kill a horse or a bull with one bite. While their education is thus in progress, they are ten times more ruinous to the Arabs, since the family does not content itself with killing the cattle required for its own consumption, but kills that the children may learn how to kill. At three years old the children quit home and set up for themselves, becoming fathers and mothers in their turn. Their places are occupied by another brood. At eight years old the lion reaches maturity, and lives to thirty or forty. When adult he is a magnificent creature, very different in size, aspect, and disposition from the lions to be seen in menageries and zoological gardens—animals taken from the mother's breast, bred like rabbits, deprived of fresh mountain air and ample nourishment. As an indication of the size attained by lions in a state of nature, we may cite the fact mentioned by Gerard, that the strongest man in the cavalry regiment to which he belonged, was unable to carry the skin and head of the lion Gerard had killed.

It is quite clear, on comparing the works of Gerard and Gordon Cumming, that the lion of northern Africa is a far more formidable enemy than the lion of southern Africa. Not only does Cumming seem to have triumphed without difficulty, but he had to combat lions who ran away from dogs, and generally avoiding coming to blows with him. This is quite contrary to Gerard's experience. The lion of northern Africa is but too ready to attack; hungry or not, the sight of an enemy rouses his fury at once; and as to cowardice, Gerard's narrative leaves no

room for such a suspicion. Indeed, the lion, so far from running away from the hunter, attacks a whole tribe of armed Arabs, and often scatters them to the winds. No Arab thinks of attacking a lion unless supported by at least twenty muskets: and even then, if the lion is killed, it is not till he has committed serious damage in their ranks. For a long while they suffer him to devastate their *douars*, and carry off their cattle in helpless resignation. It is not till their losses have driven them to desperation, that they resolve on attacking him in his lair, and then they always choose the daytime. Having ascertained his lair, and having decided in full conclave that the attack is to be made, they assemble at the foot of the mountain, and in groups of thirty or forty march toward the lair, shouting at the top of their lungs. On hearing the noise, the lion, if young, at once quits his lair; the lioness does the same, unless she have her infants with her. But, as he does not fly, he is soon in sight, and a discharge of musketry brings him down upon them like a thunderbolt. If the lion is adult he knows the meaning of this noise, which wakes him, and he rises slowly, yawning and stretching his limbs, rubbing his sides against the trees, and shaking back his majestic mane. He listens; and the approaching cries cause him to sharpen his claws, with certain premonitory growls. He then stalks slowly toward the first ledge of rock which commands the country, and espying his enemies from this height, he crouches and awaits. The Arab who first sees him, cries, "There he is!" and deathlike stillness succeeds. They pause to contemplate him, and to look well to their arms, while the lion slowly licks his paws and mane, thus making his *toilette de combat*. After a long pause, an Arab advances in front of the group, and in a tone of defiance shouts, "Thou knowest us not, then, that thus thou liest before us? Rise and fly; for we belong to such a tribe, and I am Abdallah!" The lion, who has before this eaten more than one warrior who apostrophized him in precisely the same terms, continues passing his enormous paws over his face to beautify himself, and makes no reply to the challenge, nor to the second challenge, nor to the epithets of "Jew!" "Christian!" "Infidel!" liberally bestowed on him, till the voices swell in chorus, which makes him impatient. He then rises, lashes his sides with his tail, and marches straight toward the insulters. The timid are already in flight; the brave remain and wait his attack—muskets ready, hearts beating. He is beyond their reach, and walks leisurely toward them. They now begin to retreat slowly, in

order, their faces turned toward him, till they rejoin the horsemen waiting at the foot of the mountain, who immediately commence galloping about, brandishing their muskets and yatagans, and shouting defiance. The lion, on seeing the horseman on the plain, pauses to reconnoiter. No cries or insults move him. Nothing but powder will do that. It is heard at last, and then he changes his leisure march for a charge which scatters the little army. No one is ashamed of flying now; each tries to secure a favorable position from which to fire as the lion passes. The horsemen then advance. If, as is usual, the lion has clutched one of the retreating troop, it is only necessary for a horseman to approach within reasonable distance, and discharge his gun; the lion at once quits his victim to charge his assailant. After a while, the lion, wounded and tired, crouches like a cat, and awaits his end. This is a terrible moment. He is fired at, and receives all their balls without moving; but should a horse gallop near enough to be reached in two or three bounds, either the rider or the horse is doomed, for the lion is upon him in an instant, and never quits his hold. It will astonish hunters to hear that thirty balls, at a distance of twenty paces, are not always enough to kill the lion; it is only when the heart or brain is touched that death is certain; and the nearer he is to death the more dangerous he is. During the fight, but before he is wounded, if he clutches a man, he is satisfied with knocking him down; and the man, probably protected by his burnous, gets off with a mere flesh wound from the terrible talons. But after the lion has been wounded, he tears his victim, mangles him in his jaws, till he sees other men upon whom to spring; and when mortally wounded his rage is something awful. He crushes the victim under him, and crouches over him, as if rejoicing in his agony. While his talons slowly tear the flesh of the unhappy wretch, his flaming eyes are fixed on the eyes of his victim, who, fascinated by them, is unable to cry for help, or even to groan. From time to time the lion passes his large rough tongue over the face of his enemy, curls his lip, and shows all his teeth. Meanwhile the relatives of the unhappy man appeal to the most courageous of the troop, and they advance, guns cocked, toward the lion, who sees them coming, but never moves. Fearing lest their balls should miss the lion and hit the man, they are forced to approach so close, that they can place the musket in the ear of the lion. This is a critical moment. If the lion has any force left him, he kills the man lying beneath him, and bounds on the one who has come to the

rescue; and as he lies motionless on the body of his victim, it is impossible to know whether he will bound or not. In case his strength is too much wasted, the lion crushes the head of the man beneath him the moment he sees the musket approach his ear, and then closing his eyes awaits death.

Such is the lion of northern Africa, and the terror he inspires in the brave Arabs, who know his power, is intelligible.

Before quitting our descriptive notices, we must call upon Gerard for an account of the lion's roar, as he first heard it while awaiting in a hiding-place the approach of the king of beasts. After waiting for an hour, the first grumbings reach his ear, as if the lion were talking to himself, and these grow louder and louder till the very roof of the hiding-place trembles at the sound. The roarings are not very frequent; sometimes a quarter of an hour or more elapses between each. They begin with a sort of sigh, deep and guttural, yet so prolonged that it must have cost no effort; this sigh is succeeded by a silence of a few seconds, and then comes a growl from the chest, which seems to issue through closed lips and swollen cheeks. This growl, beginning in a very bass note, gradually rises higher and louder till the roar bursts forth in all its grandeur, and finishes as it commenced. After five or six roars, he finishes with the same number of low, hoarse cries, which seem as if he was trying to expel something sticking in his throat, the last being very prolonged. Nothing in Gerard's remembrance presented a fitting point of comparison with this terrible roar of the lion. The bellowing of a furious bull is no more like it than a pistol-shot is like the sound of a thirty-two pounder. Imagine what terror such a roar would inspire, heard in the lonely mountain passes, under the silent stars. On this occasion the lion roared for two hours without quitting his place, and then descended into the valley to drink; a long silence followed, and then he began again more vigorously than ever. Soon after, Gerard saw the fires blazing in the distance, and heard the men, women, and dogs yelling as if possessed with devils; for one instant a roar covered all this tumult like a thunder-clap; and then the lion seemed to continue his route quite tranquilly, not in the least disturbed by all this noise, which only seemed like triumphant music accompanying the powerful monarch on his march. He probably knew the terror his presence inspired; at any rate he knew no terror at the presence of Arabs.

Gerard describes at great length the death of

his first lion. His second lion was nearly the victor. He had tied up the dogs in the tents in order to preserve silence. Saadi-bou-Nar, his companion, slept behind him on the ground, while he, rifle in hand, awaited the appearance of his enemy. Suddenly the sky, which had been brilliant, was overclouded; the moon disappeared; the thunder began to mutter in the distance, like a distant lion; large drops of rain falling on the Arab, awakened him, and made him urge Gerard to retire within the tents. At this moment the Arabs shouted, "Be on your guard; the lion will come when the storm is at its height." Protecting his rifle with the burnous, Gerard waited, smiling to observe the heroic resignation with which Saadi-bou-Nar draped himself in his burnous. The rain, like all storm-rains, rapidly subsided. The sky was once more lighted by the brilliant moonbeams occasionally piercing through interspaces of clouds; at the horizon a few flashes of lightning were seen. Gerard, grateful for this fitful light, peered anxiously into space, and in one of the sudden flashes, there stood the lion, motionless, only a few paces from the inclosure of the *douar*. Accustomed to find fires lighted, dogs howling in terror, women frantic, and men throwing lighted brands at his head, the lion was perhaps meditating on the meaning of this silence and calm. Turning carefully, so as to take deliberate aim without the lion's perceiving him, Gerard felt his heart beat as the last cloud passed over the moon. He was seated with the left elbow on his knee, the rifle at his shoulder, looking alternately at the lion, which presented only a confused mass to his eye, and the cloud which traveled slowly over the moon. At last his heart leaped—the moon shone in all her splendor. Never was sunlight more prized. There stood the lion, motionless, as before; a magnificent creature, superbly majestic, with his head aloft, his mane tossed by the wind, and falling to the knee. It was a black lion of the grandest species. His side was turned toward his enemy. Aiming just underneath the shoulder, Gerard fired, and at the same time that the explosion was re-echoed by the mountains, rose the roar of rage and pain, and through the smoke the lion bounded on his assailant. It was an awful moment. The lion was within three paces; there was no time to aim; the second barrel was fired at hazard, and struck him in the breast; he rolled expiring at the hunter's feet. "At first," says Gerard, "I could not believe that the animal I had just seen bounding upon me in fury, and rending the air with his cries, was that monstrous inert mass lying at my feet. Off looking

for my balls, I found the first, which had not been mortal, placed exactly where I had aimed it; and the second, fired almost at random, had been the one which had proved fatal. From this moment I learned that it is not sufficient to aim accurately to kill a lion; and I began to see that lion hunting was far more serious than I had imagined."

The terror inspired by the lion is vividly depicted in the narrative of events succeeding this encounter. Although the Arabs heard the firing, they would not approach, lest the lion should still be living; for more than half an hour they remained within their tents, after which three of the bravest came out of the inclosure, bringing the jug of water Gerard had demanded; the leader came cautiously, looking round him every moment, his gun ready to fire; the second bearing the water came after, holding by the burnous of the leader, and pausing when he paused; finally, the third held in one hand the burnous of the second, and brandished a yatagan with formidable vigor. In this order they came up to the lion; on seeing him they halted, and would not approach till Saadi-bou-Nar struck his corpse with his hand to reassure them. And these were men who in battle would fight like lions! Five minutes afterward, men, women, and children rushed out to see their vanquished foe, whom they apostrophized in eloquent insults. As the morning broke, hundreds of Arabs came from all sides; but even in the presence of their dead enemy their terror was not quite allayed; they kept within ten paces of his corpse, the women standing behind, timid and curious.

Gerard soon found that bullets were but an uncertain resource against an animal whose frontal bone sufficed to flatten one fired at no greater distance than five paces, and who, when mortally wounded, had still strength and ferocity enough to dispatch half a dozen armed men. He, therefore, exchanged bullets for ingots of iron, and even with these he ran terrible risk, as we see from his first employment of them. At midnight, under the light of a full moon, he met a young lion, a mere puppy of two years old, who, on seeing him, lay down across the path, and did not move, even when Gerard was within fifteen paces. Believing this to be the animal's tactics, he thought better not to advance nearer; kneeling on the ground, he fired, aiming just beneath the shoulder. How it happened, he knew not, so sudden was the onslaught; but before he could say any thing he was knocked down, and his hand touched the leg of the animal standing over him. "Luckily for me I wore my thick

turban, which he tore with his teeth; slipping from it, and leaving him my burnous, I blew out the brains of this foolish youngster while he was spending his wrath upon my clothes. My first ingot had passed right through his body, below the shoulder; the second entering at his left ear and coming out at the right."

Europeans imagine it a very simple thing to vanquish the lion; "you have only to be a good shot and to be perfectly cool." To be a good shot is not rare; but when you have to meet such an antagonist, to await him, perhaps not to see him till he is about to attack, and then to know that your first ball, however well aimed, will only wound him, the "coolness" so lightly spoken of will be a rare quality. However adroit your first aim, you have little time for your second; the first shot hits him while he is motionless; the second must be fired as he bounds upon you. Gerard soon learned this, and he says with *naivete*—perfectly French—that he always commenced the struggle with mingled doubt and confidence; *doubt* in the effect of his shots, and *confidence* in the "protection divine qu'accorde a sa creature l'Etre supreme"—as if the poor lion were not equally "sa creature!" That, however, is a thought never entering the minds of the hunter or Arab. We were amused at the lamentations and imprecations of a disconsolate woman, whose lamb had been eaten by a lion; she spoke with bitterness of the "heartless wretch" who had eaten a lamb, which she herself would have eaten had not the lion anticipated her!

Such being the terror and hatred inspired by the lion, we can understand the frantic demonstrations of joy over his corpse. They triumph over their dead foe, insult him, call him "assassin," "thief," "son of a Jew," "Christian," and "pagan;" pluck his beard in scorn, and kick him contemptuously. It is a relief to their hatred—the reaction of terror. In reading this we are naturally reminded of that scene in Homer, where the Greeks crowd round the dead body of Hector, marveling at his great stature, and each inflicting a wound on the terrible corpse:

ἄλλος δὲ πηλαράμενον νίκῃς Ἀχαιοῖς  
εἰ καὶ θνήσκοντο θυμὸν καὶ εἶδος ἀνθρώπων  
Ἑκτορος εἶδ' ἄρα εἰ τις ἀνέστητι γὰρ παρὶσσι.

Il. xxii, v. 396.

Things which are usual, are often unseemly, unworthy, but are not necessarily so. Homer evidently did not think the vengeance unworthy, nor did the Greeks. They felt toward the dead Hector as the Arabs feel toward the dead lion.

Very picturesque is the scene of triumph. The

fires are lighted in the forest; moving amid the snow and trees are groups of men and women, looking by the firelight like phantoms in their white burnouses, as they distribute the pieces of lion-flesh roasted, on a brasier big enough for an elephant. The women chatter on their universal theme; the men talk of powder, bloodshed, and lions; Abdallah, the singer, yells improvised couplets, while a flute-player charms the savage ear. They have insulted the lion, and now they eat him!

#### DEATH A SLEEP—A PARABLE.

FRATERNALLY, the angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered over the earth. It was evening. They reclined on a hill not far from the habitation of man. A melancholy stillness reigned, and the evening clock in the distant village was not heard.

Silently, according to their custom, sat the two benevolent genii of humanity, in a sad embrace, and already night drew near.

Then the angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with a gentle hand the invisible seed of slumber. The evening wind wafted it to the silent dwelling of the wearied husbandman. Now sweet sleep embraced the inhabitants of the rural cottage, from the gray-haired man who leans upon his staff, to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain, the melancholy their sorrow, the poor their wants. Every eye was closed.

After the labor was accomplished, the benevolent angel of sleep again lay down with his serious brother. "When the dawn appears," said he in a tone of cheerful innocence, "then man will praise me as his friend and benefactor! O, it is sweet to do good unseen and in secret! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the good spirit! How lovely our noiseless occupation!"

Thus spoke the friendly angel of sleep.

The angel of death regarded him with silent grief, and a tear, such as immortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. "Alas!" said he, "that I can not, like you, rejoice in the gratitude of man. The earth calls me her enemy and the disturber of her joy!"

"O my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "will not the good, on waking, discover in you their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless you? Are we not brethren, and the messengers of one father?"

Thus he spoke. Then the eye of the angel of death brightened, and tenderly the genii embraced each other.—*German Parables.*

## THE THEOLOGY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. ITS INFIDELITY.

BY REV. WM. H. FERRIS.

The leaders Infidels before they became Spiritualists—They sell Infidel Books—Offer no Prayers—Reject Christian Ordinances—"Free-Love"—No Personal God—No Devil—No Creation.

WE have now reached a point in our examination of this subject of very grave importance; namely, the *theology of spiritualism*. If its practices and developments are bad, they are the legitimate products of a belief still worse.

In an early number of these papers we gave a pledge that we would show this system to be one of unmitigated infidelity, so far as its principal teachers are concerned. That pledge we will now redeem. Modern spiritualism, however reluctant, shall come upon the stand and prove her own hostility to Christianity and the Bible.

SPIRITUALISM A SYSTEM OF INFIDELITY, DESIGNED TO SUPPLANT THE BIBLE AND CHRISTIANITY.

Mr. Webster defines the term infidel thus: "One who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures and the divine origin of Christianity." We shall show how precisely the faith of the leading modern spiritualists corresponds to this definition.

Some of the old French infidels admired the pure morality, the sublime precepts and examples of the Bible; but Davis, Hare & Co., denounce it as a *pernicious and wicked book*, and seek to drive it from the world. *This* is their set object. Table-rapping, music, and spirit hands in the dark are only the tricks by which they seek to divert attention from the great object of their mission. Voltaire never wrote more directly or blasphemously against Christianity than they. Stale, stereotyped infidel objections are gathered from Volney, Gibbon, Paine, Comte, or the old Grecian philosophers—these are rehashed, spiced with "spiritual phenomena," and offered to the world as a new dish.

Let it be distinctly understood that I do not charge infidelity upon all who believe in intercourse with spirits; nor upon those who have witnessed strange appearances, for which they are unable to account; nor yet upon those who admit the whole to be of spirit origin. Many of these have been led into it by disinterested parties, still more by an over-anxiety to penetrate the secrets of another world and hold intercourse with friends. These last we pity most sincerely, and would not add one grain to the weight of their sorrows.

But we do charge infidelity upon the magicians and wire-pullers of this scheme. They are sapping the faith of thousands. What insatiable cruelty to mock the anguish and hopes of the bereaved by pretended messages from their departed friends; and while they do this, to snatch from their hands the word of God and the only Savior of the world! Suffering humanity and a just God will hold them to answer for this enormity.

We shall attempt no argument here of the truth of Scripture. We are writing for those who trust their hopes of heaven to its teaching and guidance. Even "though an angel from heaven preached any other Gospel," you "would not receive his message." But *spiritualism and the everlasting Gospel are antagonistic*. One or the other *must* be false. It is utterly *impossible* to believe *both*. The Atheism of the French Revolution is as much in harmony with the word of God as this modern error. The only essential difference is, that spiritualists admit a kind of sensual existence beyond this life, and perpetrate the nameless and numberless follies of mediumship.

Not one prominent doctrine of the Bible is admitted by this new sect but that of immortality. And their future life is made to conform strikingly to that of Mohammed and Swedenborg. That the reader may understand more fully the arguments upon this subject, we will here give a brief account of two of their principal theologians.

Andrew Jackson Davis and Dr. Robert Hare are the two great champions and standard authorities of this spiritual theology. They are, *par excellence*, the giants of spiritualism. Dr. Hare is, or has been, Professor of Chemistry in the Pennsylvania University, and a graduate of Yale College. He has written a book setting forth the faith of the new sect, which, like nearly all their works, follows closely in the wake of Davis, the "seer." He has also invented certain machines, by the aid of which the spirits operate. Before his conversion Dr. Hare was an avowed infidel; what he is, now that he has embraced spiritualism, we will leave the reader to judge.

Davis, the *great apostle*, has written the Bible of the new system. He is looked up to by his infatuated followers with more veneration than Jesus Christ. His principal work is on the "Divine Revelations of Nature." This book is extremely pedantic, and, I feel confident, was never written by Davis. My reasons for this opinion are the following: Davis was brought up in very low circumstances in Dutchess county, New York.

His father was a skeptic, probably a Deist, and extremely intemperate. His mother was a virtuous but much abused woman. Andrew J. was a quiet, kind, illiterate boy, and learned the shoemaker's trade in Poughkeepsie, while the book abounds with Greek and Latin words. He pursued his humble calling with commendable industry till, at an early age, he fell into the company of several skeptics, among whom was a Universalist preacher. At the time he was writing this book he was much with this preacher. The book abounds with unmistakable internal evidence that it was written by one familiar with Universalism and its methods of interpreting Scripture. The belief of intelligent men in Poughkeepsie is that Davis was only the tool of a designing man. And still further, after the book was published this same preacher removed to a neighboring state and preached to a small company of Universalists. His sermons were so full of hatred to the Bible that they refused to hear him, and those sermons contained the exact peculiarities of this book.

I have made this extended notice of these two authors because most of my quotations will be taken from them, and because they are the main pillars of spiritualism.

1. *Nearly all the leaders in this scheme were either skeptics or infidels before they embraced their present system of faith.* Their periodicals and lectures abound in statements that many infidels have been converted. Whether their conversion has lengthened or abridged their creed remains to be shown.

There is a wonderful affinity between the different forms of skepticism and spiritualism; they unite without effervescence, and the compound is as much like the original parts as the river is like the streams by which it is supplied. Spiritualism is the great Dead Sea of this age. A score of turbid streams flow into it, but there is no outlet except the mephitic vapors that float from its surface; nothing pure or good lives in its waters.

Infidels have long sought some grand rallying-point—some specious garb to conceal their deformity. Here they have found it, and the scattered and discordant ranks are falling into line, arming themselves with the intangible weapons of spiritualism, and preparing for another bold onset and disastrous defeat. It is well for us that the enemies of Christ are getting into position, so that we may know in what direction to point our spiritual armory.

2. *More infidel books are offered for sale at their bookstores than in any other places with which I am acquainted, and their public lectures abound with*

*open opposition to Christianity.* Some of these books contain the rankest Atheism. Even their conference meetings breathe the spirit of hostility. The writer, in visiting these meetings, heard one of their number say, "*Spiritualism and Christianity do not agree. Spiritualism is designed to sweep out old Christianity.*" Another of their number, at the same meeting, uttered the following: "The sayings of Confucius are as good and profitable as those of Jesus. Both were but common men. Every one will have his hobby to ride, and the religion of Jesus is the humbug of some. Christianity will die out—*Christ himself regrets the propagation of Christianity.* If it spreads there will be no end of trouble. The Bible was got up by the priests. There is no agreement between spiritualism and Christianity. The spirits lie; I am glad they can." He continued in this strain for some time, till a pale and feeble old lady was seen approaching the speaker. Her eye gleamed with an unearthly fire, and her frame shook with emotion; she laid her hand upon him, and with a trembling, half-choked utterance demanded that he should stop. "You have insulted my Savior, and I will not hear it. Sit down." He attempted to proceed, when the aged disciple of the despised Jesus rose, and standing upon the seat laid both her hands upon the skeptic orator, and elevating her voice vociferated, "Sit down, sir, you have abused my Master—you are antichrist. Sit down!" He reluctantly sank to his seat amid the hisses and tears of those who sympathized with the victorious defender of her Lord.

3. *Spiritualism offers no prayer.* Those who believe it do not, as a general thing, institute or attend public worship. They declare that it is absurd to suppose that the Infinite can be moved by our petitions. They deny the obligation of the Christian or Jewish Sabbath. Many of them forsake the house of God, neglect prayer, give up the Bible, and turn their backs on Jesus Christ. They reject baptism and the Lord's supper as unmeaning and popish ceremonies. Ministers are the object of their special hate, the principal source of evil to the human family, the greatest oppressors of their race, and the mightiest opposers of progress and reform.

Davis declares that "of all professions and situations occupied by men, none is more corrupting than that sustained by clergymen. It is a deplorable fact, that all the miseries, the conflicts, the wars, the devastations, and the hostile prejudices existing in the world are owing to the corrupting influence of clergymen."

If the leaders in this reform succeed, every

pulpit will be silenced, every altar broken down, and every Christian temple will be prostrated by the unhallowed and godless rites of spiritualism.

4. *Conjugal infidelity has been an inseparable attendant upon the spread of infidelity. Spiritualism is following in its track in this respect.* Many of its votaries can not as yet accept the doctrine of "free-love," but it is, nevertheless, an article of faith and practice among them. The following, selected from their publications, will set this in its plain and revolting light: "The marriage of the spirit is the only marriage to abide in any condition. The marriage institution of man is *wrong*, and must be annulled ere the race is redeemed." The spirits sometimes advise a separation of married parties and a new alliance, and the obedient disciples painfully (?) enter into new "affinities."

The following expressive extract is from the organ of spiritualism in New York. "Spiritualists repudiate marriage as an arbitrary institution, and accept, more or less, the 'free-love' philosophy. All advanced spiritualists, [the italicizing is our own,] though few may have the courage to confess it, repudiate marriage in its legal sense, and believe in the doctrine of *affinities*. Consequently large bodies of spiritualists are now emigrating, or preparing to emigrate, to favorable localities, where they can protect each other in *freedom*, and especially in *freedom of the affections*." These emigrants are made up of men and women—are mostly spiritualists and socialists, and are banded together for the purpose of either reforming the present social order, or forming a new one. The spirits have directed them to go to Minnesota. If it is not too late I will suggest the propriety of going to Salt Lake, where the Mormons will give them a hearty welcome and allow the utmost "freedom of the affections." The mysteries of this disgusting liberty, or, rather, license, are carefully concealed from the uninitiated and revealed unto the wise and prudent.

5. *Spiritualism has no personal God.* I will not dispute that the spiritualists speak of God—a first Cause—a divine Mind—what Davis calls a "positive mind." But they deny the God of the Bible—a self-existent, intelligent, independent, and personal God. The rankest Atheist talks of a God as well as the apostle of spiritualism. At one of their recent public meetings a leader among them declared, "I have received what I am about to say as a medium. I do not believe in *narrowing God down to a person*. The Father spoken of in the Bible as God, only means the *scientific principle*."

Dr. Hare rejects the personality of the divine Being—Davis's "Positive Mind" and "Original

Cause" is a *germ* out of which nature grows, as an acorn grows from an oak. It is a power pervading matter—dwelling in an immense "vortex" of liquid fire, and "its development is *eternal motion*." In another place this "vortex" of fire is called the "Great Positive Mind." Thus God and matter are the same. An intelligent Deity is no where to be found in Davis's theology, and more, he is not needed, for *even life* can be produced without him—the laws and evolutions of nature are sufficient. He says, "Light, when confined in a certain condition and condensed, will produce water, and that water, subjected to the vertical influence of light, will produce, by its internal motion and further condensation, a substance having *animal life*." Nature originates both vegetable and animal life. "Nature is like the human brain, and is incessantly producing forms [of life] as the brain is thoughts." Upon this theory a personal God would be a superfluity.

Thus man came into being without Divine agency—his origin is to be looked for millions of ages ago—first as a marine vegetable, then as an oak, whose acorn dropped into the soil and produced a grub or a snail. The process of development continuing, a strange race, half quadruped and half biped, appeared.

As the authority of Davis is above that of the Bible and goes far back of it, it may be entertaining to learn a little of the history of our ancestry, as given by this veracious author. They were first *black*, then, by the force of habit, climate, and food, they became *brown*, then *red*, then *yellow*, and at last *white*. They were covered with hair, their bodies were short and heavy, their limbs exceedingly long, and they went "on all fours." Their heads were wide and low. In the next order of this progressive development the extremities were like those of the bear. Then giants appeared. Finally man began to walk upright; but the jaw-bones were of great length, the mouth large, the nose flat, and the eyes nearly on the top of the nasal organ. The head was shaped like that of the cat. They could not converse, having no tongue; and the sounds they made resembled the *mewing* of the *feline tribe*. All this, and much more, the dreamer claims to have received while in the "interior state."

No where is the hand of an intelligent and independent first Cause to be seen. "Nature is the Cause," for Nature is God, and the only one recognized by this system. Organized existence is a slow process of nature from mineral to vegetable, from vegetable to brute, and from brute to man.

How sublime and simple the declaration, "*God created man in his own image!*" How disgusting and loathsome the old infidel routine adopted by Davis, of a development through the slime-pits of nature! The ancestry of this system once wriggled as tadpoles in some muddy pool, or hung as an oyster to the ocean rock.

Mark this truth, spiritualism is *without God* in the world. *Spirits* there are in abundance pervading the dark realms of an insane fancy; but there is no personal Divinity—no eye of God looking out upon the works of his hands, and into the secret sins of the dark places of this world. It is only an *impersonal agency* pervading matter. "*Man is a part of the divine Mind—a gland or minute organ of God*"—every thing is God. Thus Davis has the credit of reinstating the *old heathen Pantheism*.

6. *Spiritualism is as destitute of a devil as it is of a God.* Dr. Hare denies the existence of any such being, and says if one exists God must be accountable for all the evil he does. "Can any act be more devilish than that of creating a devil?" But God did not make him a devil, and is no more responsible for the evil he does than for that which Dr. Hare is doing while sowing the seeds of infidelity. Then, as God is not a person, he can not be held to very strict account. Davis pronounces the account of Satan's appearance to Eve a myth. "The word devil is nothing more than a figurative personification of evil." This prophet of spiritualism is not the first or only instance of an ungrateful and recreant son refusing to acknowledge his father.

7. *This new theology denies the work of creation and makes matter eternal.* It holds the following language: "The development of man and the different races of plants and animals is a finite act and the work of finite gods." Dr. Hare says, "The universe *must be eternal*." But while he ignores the creative power of God, he distinctly declares that spirits have the power to create whatsoever they desire.

Davis makes *matter* and *motion* the *original cause*. "*Matter contains the essence and properties to produce man as a progressive ultimate; so motion contains the properties to produce life and sensation. These together develop the principle of spirit.*" Thus man, soul, body, and spirit, is a development of matter. No Epicurean philosopher ever taught a grosser materialism or Atheism than this. The same author attributes the intelligence of man to the action of the physical organs. What, then, becomes of intelligence when this action ceases at death? As many of the spirits are exceedingly stupid, this may account for

their want of common sense. This scientific expounder of nature declares that the earth was originally a mass of liquid fire, and yet it was a *triangle*. Where are nature's laws, so uniform and so much boasted of, now? *A liquid triangle!*\*

The universe has been *developed*, not created; and this world, despite the fables of Moses, is eternal. More than this, the process of development is to go on till all material substance shall become spirit, and nothing of the universe remain but Deity and spirit. "Motion is an eternal principle, existing in matter." Then of necessity the substance in which this principle existed must be eternal. Our pseudo-author denies that something was ever made out of nothing, and ascribes this notion to superstition. "The word creation has no signification; there is one eternal cause and one *eternal effect*."

I have only selected a few passages out of many to show the real character of this pernicious system of error. I do not in all instances give their exact language; but I have not misrepresented them. There is no need of it. A clearer case of infidelity can not be made out against Bolingbroke than against the abettors of this system. Indeed, I think it the grossest and most insidious form of infidelity the world has been cursed with since Christianity dawned upon it. It is stealthy, wears a false garb, and is fashioned from the crumbled and moldy ruins of all former infidel systems. As they have been overthrown and demolished, while Christianity has come forth from the conflict shining with luster still more glorious and strength still more mighty; even so now shall truth triumph over error, and light prevail against darkness. We have no fears about the final result; but, alas! before that final triumph shall have been achieved, untold thousands, deluded and led astray, may have gone down to everlasting ruin.

In the next number we will show in what light these reckless innovators hold the Bible, its divine Author, and the whole system of Christianity. We shall show that even France, in the days of her Revolution, did not harbor an infidelity more violent in its hostility to the teachings of God's word than is concealed beneath so-called "spirit manifestations."

In the mean time let us beseech all who may be tempted by this delusion, to pause and reflect before they commit themselves to the influence of a system so delusive in its character and so ruinous in its consequences.

\* Some account of Plato's triangular theory of the origin of nature may be found in an earlier number of the Repository.

## LIFE IN A WATER-DROP.

"Scientia obiter libata a Deo abducit,  
Profundius hausta ad eum seducit."

BACON OF VERULAM.

THE sun is reflected in the ocean as in the water-drop, and in both are called into existence beings the most varied in size and form. We admire the myriads of creatures which inhabit the depths of the ocean, from the monstrous whale to the tiniest specimen of the finny tribe. Their checkered existence and efforts; their fighting, striving, and disporting; their pains and pleasures; their various and wonderful construction; the mode and manner of their subsistence, all fill us with wonder, and we are awe-inspired while contemplating the infinite and manifold capacity with which the creating Power has stored the depths of the waters. But if the size, the power, and the variety of the denizens of the deep excite our admiration, how much more do we find ourselves carried away by that feeling, while looking into the water-drop?

Clear and transparent it lies before us, vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and, lo! what life suddenly presents itself; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain, wonderful shapes rush backward and forward, drawing toward and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they whirl round each other, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle till the one conquers and the other is subdued, or carelessly they swim, side by side, till playfulness or rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye can not detect without the aid of the microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain; in them lives an instinct which induces them to seek, and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles

about in mad career and drunken lust, it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop.

There is another creature; it does not swim about—remains upon the same spot—but it contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony; and so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away, but he must have had a tight hold, severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death struggle. It has expired.

On one spot a great creature lies apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes carelessly by, and like a flash of lightning, the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape its more powerful enemy, he has already caught it, embraces it—the throes of the vanquished cease—it has become a prey.

This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop, but how *great* does even this already show the *small*; how wondrously does every thing shape itself within that, of which we had formerly not the least conception! These are creatures which nature no where presents to the eye upon an enlarged scale, so marvelous, odd, and also again so beautiful, so merry, and happy in their whole life and movements; and although defective, and in some respects only one step removed from vegetable life, they are yet animated and possessed of will and power. It would be impossible here to give a description of all, or even of a great part of the ephemeral world in all its varied aspects, but we propose to take a nearer survey, of some few at least, in order to display the life which exists in a single drop of water taken from a pond.

Slowly and gracefully through the floods of this small drop of water, comes glidingly, swimming along, the little swan animalcule, turning and twisting its long, pliant neck, swaying itself comfortably and moving in every direction, sucking whatever nourishment or prey may present itself. This animalcule has its name from its likeness to the swan; it carries its neck just as proudly and gracefully arched, only the head is wanting, for at the end there is a wide opening mouth, surrounded by innumerable beam-like

lashes? The entire little creature is transparent, and it seems impossible that any species of nutriment could possibly pass through the thin throat, for even water seems too coarse and material for this small tube, but scarcely does one of the variously formed monades, which exist in all waters, and of which many thousands could move and tumble freely about in the hollow of a poppy-seed, approach its mouth, ere it gulps them down, we see them gliding through the throat, and see the green, gray, or white monade lying in the little, but for this animalcule, great, stomach. This monade is itself an animalcule—a living atom; and possibly a still smaller animalcule serves for its nourishment; but the human eye has not yet penetrated thus far, possibly it may never do so, for the Creator has hidden from the material vision of man the limits of his creating power, alike in the infinitely great as in the infinitesimally small.

Whirling along, comes swimming by the side of the swan animalcule, the *Bell*. Here nature has still retained a form out of the vegetable kingdom, for the body of this animalcule is similar to the bell-shaped blossom of a May-flower, fastened to a long stem; this stem, through which passes a spiral formed vein, a fine, dark tube, is easily movable; it closes itself, screw-like, together and stretches itself out again—this is the tail of the bell animalcule; at the end there is a little knot, and soon this knot becomes attached to the bottom, or to a blade of grass, or to a piece of wood, and the little animalcule is like a ship at anchor in a bay or harbor; its tail extends and turns itself, and the body of the animalcule, the little bell, whose opening is at the top, begins to whirl itself round and round, and this movement is so quick and powerful that it creates, even in the billows of the water-drop, a whirlpool, which keeps ever going round wilder and more violently; it grows to a *Charybdis*, which none of the little monades who are caught within it can escape; the whirlpool is too fierce, they get drawn into it, and find a grave in the jaws of the bell animalcule. The bell closes the tail, rolls together, but soon it stretches itself out again; the bell whirls, the whirlpool goes round, and in it many a quiet and thoughtless passing monade is drawn down. But the bell animalcule is also about meeting its punishment; again it whirls its bell violently, the tail breaks from the body, and the bell floats without control hither and thither on the waves of the water-drop; but it knows how to help itself; nature has provided for such a catastrophe in its creation. The bell sinks to the bottom, and soon the missing tail

grows again, and if death even comes, nature has been so liberal in the creation of this little world—new life and new creatures arise so quickly out of those which have passed away, and so great is their number—that the death of one is less than a drop in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert of Sahara.

The lives of innumerable animalcules pass away as a breath; but they rise into existence in equally infinite numbers. The animalcules multiply in every variety of way; but the most curious is that of dividing, and out of the severed parts, new animalcules are formed, which, in a few hours again divide themselves into parts, forming new creatures; and this process of increase proceeds to infinity. Numbers alone are able in some measure to give an idea of this infinite increasing power. An animalcule requires for its parting process about five hours, after which time the new creatures stand then perfect, and these again require the same time for their increase. At this rate of increase one single animalcule would, by the process of separation, be increased to half a million in four days, and after a month it would be inconceivable where this innumerable quantity of animalcules, who are singly imperceptible to the naked eye, can possibly be placed. But nature has limited even this vast increasing power, and she freely sacrifices millions, in order to preserve their species always in their proper quantities. What are, compared with these numbers, the quantities of herrings, sprats, and other fish which crowd the seas in such mighty masses? They vanish into nothingness.

The chief among those animalcules which increase by means of separation, is the *Weapon*, which has a species of dagger-like bristles at the back, and also a more pliable description, similarly formed, all around the mouth, which serve as feelers. Their movement is most peculiar, slow, almost floating; they proceed forward, then they shrink backward, and quickly return again, in order to proceed anew on their path. This animalcule pushes, when the parting process commences, at first a few little pieces from its side, then follow others, and soon the whole is divided into equal halves, which form themselves into new animalcules, and, after a few hours, begin to separate themselves also.

One of the most interesting animalcules which we discovered, with the aid of the microscope, in the water-drop, is the *Ship*—like a little glass ship, which has lost in a storm its masts and sails, its ropes and riggings, does it proceed, quietly swimming through the little waves; it is

clear and transparent, like an enchanted little craft—a delicate fairy palace; we see in both sides the ribs of the ship, which the carpenter has fitted into the keel; we see the deck, and in it the three holes, or light points, in which the masts were raised; it must have been a three-masted ship. But the ship's crew—the sailors were wanting; nor is there a rudder which propels and regulates the vessel's course; the motive power which produces the progress of this tiny little craft is a mystery. Has nature in this curious animalcule copied the invention of man's hand? Was this little creature the minute model after which man has constructed the ships in which he crosses seas and oceans? Nature is always original in her creations; she had already created the same little animalcule for hundred thousands of years, if the hypothesis on which geologists base their calculations as to the time it takes to accomplish certain results be correct; we believe that these data are generally unreliable, and therefore we simply say, that these little creatures have existed from the beginning of the formation of some of the most important strata, which must have occupied a sufficiently long time in their formation to have been, at least, in existence antecedent to the first building of ships. These animalcules are to be found in, and indeed form no inconsiderable part of all coal and chalk formations. But it can, on the other hand, not be said, that the animalcule was the minute model after which man built, for ships were built before the microscope enabled man to discover the invisible world of the diminutive.

In the interior of this little glass ship, which consists of quartz, rock, crystal, and flint, there is real life; a few small globules contained within it indicate this. They die, pass away, but the crystal covering remains perfect for thousands of years.

Another peculiar animalcule is the *Sickle*, which resembles very much a Turkish crescent. Even in its ways, in its motions, has this finely-beaded animalcule, which, throughout its length, is constructed of little globules, regularly joining each other, and divided across the middle by a larger globule than the rest, like a row of pearls, something characteristic of the believers of the crescent; it exhibits the same fatal repose; it is equally absorbed in itself, for it can lay a long time at the bottom without motion; occasionally it raises its sickle, but exhausted it allows it to drop again immediately, and relapses into its former quiet state. On both ends of this animalcule there are a few red grains, sometimes more, at others, less, which now keep moving, and then

again remain motionless, whose signification is as yet undetermined.

Besides these various creatures which are grouped in the little world of a water-drop—which are so infinitely delicate and neat, and even beautifully formed, and of which each has, in its movement, and, it may almost be said, in its character, something original and independent—there are many more larger and smaller; most of them, however, are only occasionally met with, and only a few others have the grace and beauty in their appearance and motions which distinguish those we have mentioned. Among the larger species, we are struck first by the *Trumpet* and the *Bullet* animalcules. The first is like a trumpet or cornucopia; in its interior there are numerous dark dots and a row of globules, like a string of beads; about its mouth are thistle-like threads. The *Bullet* animalcule is round, covered as with a net, and also trimmed round with a fine row of hair; in the interior there are always to be seen several smaller *Bullets*. But when we observe the whole closer, we find that it is not a single creature, but a group of thousands of smaller double-trunked animalcules, which combine in the formation of this greater animalcule, and thus form a numerous isolated family.

Repulsive, unpleasant creatures also present themselves in a drop of water, which affect us unpleasantly in their nature, their motions, and their form. Thus, there is a species of *Chamelion* among the animalcules, which can expand and contract its body into the most various shapes; now it elongates itself, stretching its members in the most opposite directions, with a slow expanding motion; now it draws itself up in a heap, and when another animalcule approaches, it stretches out its arms, embraces, entwines it, and, as it were, envelops it, till it dies in its embrace.

We have not space in a periodical to follow out the life of a water-drop to its various specialities and curiosities, and it is impossible, under any circumstances, entirely to exhaust the subject. The more one looks into it, the greater the wonders which present themselves; the more nature discloses herself in her hitherto unknown powers, the more does she appear to us so wonderfully great in miniature.

The life in the water-drop which we have here exhibited, is, indeed, not to be found in every water, but is to be seen in ponds, swamps, and generally in all waters in which animal and fossil matter is in the act of decomposition; pooked, distilled, or rain-water contains no animalcules,

but only a few days are required, if left in the open air, for the formation of living things within it; it begins to move, to live; but whence do they come? what produces these little animalcules? Has the air conveyed to the water the matter necessary for their formation? It is possible.

How all this is accomplished man will probably never discover; but the lesson conveyed in the foregoing fact, rightly appreciated, opens a vast field of speculation, in exhibiting the infinity of the Creator's power; and yet, strange to say, the pride of many of those who occupy themselves in tracing the laws of nature leads them to overlook the Creator in creation, and the great design is lost sight of in the contemplation of minute laws and detailed process.

### THE POPPY—A CONVERSATION AMONG THE FLOWERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PUSLIDZ.

WE are sadly mistaken in our belief that flowers can do nothing but bud, bloom, emit sweet odors, and then wither. Rest assured, that however widely spread this view of the case may be, yet it has been forced upon us only by our own egotism, which would gladly make us believe that every thing in nature exists for us alone, and that as we can not discern a soul in flowers, they can therefore have none. But as we have already said, this is far from being the case. As each flower has its own character, the one being modest, another proud and vain, this one gay and cheerful, that one dull and melancholy, or in whatever other ways they may express themselves by their colors and habit, so has each one its own wishes, endeavors, joy, sorrow, and love. They all have a remarkable patriotism, an affection not only for the land, but even for the spot on which they grow, so that they can not exist any where else; a feeling which many have declared to be wanting in man in these modern times.

But the flowers have also an organ of communication; and were there any one who understood their language, they would whisper many a poem, many a tale in his ear; he would spend many a night—for that is especially the time for their communications, as we shall soon see—in listening on the flowery plain, and the variegated pictures there presented to his view, would almost seem like a beautiful poetic dream. The narrator of this tale lay one night in the dewy moonshine on the wood's flowery carpet, and listened—or dreamed, which many will more read-

ily believe—when all at once he heard a thousand fairy voices rising from the flowers. Most probably some friendly elf, to whom he had once unawares rendered a service, had lent him its delicate ear for a night.

The melancholy Reed was whispering a long lyric poem to its next neighbor, who was listening most attentively. The Scarlet Poppy was chattering incessantly—it is the *chronique scandaleuse* of the flowers; and supplies the place of our gossiping literature. Not far distant some red Moss flowers were giggling together; they must have been saying something very witty! The Harebell was quite silent, but she almost constantly confirmed what her neighbors said, by inclining her head to the right and left. The trembling Grass, on the contrary, was continually shaking her head, and would believe nothing that she heard.

Perhaps they had discovered the listener, and would punish him according to the old proverb, or perhaps it is a favorite topic among the flowers; in short, however this may be, their conversation turned principally upon the injustice of man, and the carelessness with which they were treated by him.

"O dear!" exclaimed a cluster of Thyme flowers, "a man's heavy foot has again crushed some of our most lovely sisters."

"Yes, they have no respect for us," said a wild Pink, who so much liked to be noticed, and therefore raised herself as high as she could on her slender stalk, "although we do our best to make ourselves agreeable to them. Were they even to destroy us as they do the Hemlock, because we were hurtful to them, it would be more endurable; but nothing is harder to bear than the way in which they slight us; they do not even think it worth while to turn their foot aside from treading on us."

"O no!" interrupted a Forget-me-not, in a low, appeasing voice; "to hear you, one would think that man was quite unjust toward us! But I can refute your charges! Are we not their chosen ornaments on all festal occasions? and are we not the messengers of their holiest feeling, of their love?"

"Those times are long passed," pettishly replied the Sorrel. "Does not man in his inflated pride consider himself entitled to meddle in the Creator's business, and even to improve upon his works, for he imitates and pretends to improve upon us in miserable, painted, paper things? And with what do they ornament themselves now—with us, or with those despicable copies? They only make use of us as the messengers of

their love, when they have nothing better. This language of flowers is long out of fashion—is called sentimental, and made ridiculous."

"All that would not vex me," said the Lily; "for how is it possible that man should respect our feelings since he does not know them? But he should not deny them where they are plainly evident. For instance, when the night is over, and we look once more around us in the morning light, we always miss one or other of our playfellows, who was already drooping when the twilight came and bent her head, or whose leaves were scattered by a violent night wind. We mourn for her, tears stand in our eyes. Man sees this; but without troubling himself to understand it, he denies that these drops are a sign of our feeling and of our pain, and says, that it is dew with which the mists of the morning have besprinkled us."

This proof of man's injustice must have been so convincing, that, for the present no one had any thing further to remark upon the subject. Not far from me I observed a group gathered round a splendid tall White Poppy. I had for some time noticed that those around her had been whispering together, and had taken no part in the conversation which had been so little flattering to us. When this pause occurred, the Cowslip rang her bells loudly, and cried:

"Hush! hush! sisters, the Poppy will tell us a tale."

"The White Poppy is going to tell a tale, hush! hush!" they all exclaimed, and all listened attentively, for the Reed had just finished reciting his long poem.

The Poppy drew herself up on her slender stalk, looked around, and made a few graceful inclinations. I had expected that she would want very much pressing, complain of hoarseness, or at least make a host of excuses; but that can not yet be the custom among flowers, for the Poppy immediately began her narration.

"You will give me your attention? Well, then, I will tell you how, according to old legends that have been carried down in my family from one generation to another, we poppies owe our existence to a remarkable occurrence; for you must not think, that at the creation of the world all we flowers were scattered over the earth at one time. O, no, we appeared one after the other, much in the same way as now happens in spring."

"What do you mean about spring?" interrupted her chattering cousin, the Scarlet Poppy.

"The Daisy shall tell you that before I begin," answered the Poppy; "for it is always among the

earliest who appear; but then you must not interrupt me any more afterward."

The Daisy, who generally received very little attention, and whom many even think is a little foolish, while its cousin, in the garden, is something more esteemed, in consequence of its education, was equally pleased and embarrassed, now that it had to address the company, and a blush tinged its white leaves, such as you have often seen on this modest little flower. It glanced thankfully at its lofty patroness, and then began its simple tale, without waiting to be asked again.

"I can not tell you what we poor flowers have done to the winter, that he should be so cruel to us, and opinions are very different on this point. It is, however, certain that he has an aversion to us, and can not rest till he has driven us from the face of the earth. But his rule does not last forever, and when he is gone, spring, our best friend, comes. He looks around him with a troubled countenance, though, for of all the beautiful children that on going away he so warmly commended to the care of summer, there is not one to be seen, and he must cover his head with a long, gray veil, because he has neither flower nor leaf with which to bind a wreath. He caresses the earth with his warm and loving hand, and beckons and calls upon his favorites, for not one of them ventures to raise its head; they are still too timid, so frightened have they been by the harsh winter. This is no groundless fear either, for there are instances of winter having suddenly returned after he had been long gone, and of his having then hit the poor flowers who had ventured out on the head. Some of the flowers, who are particularly amiable, do not keep the spring long waiting; but show themselves very quickly. Such a one is the gentle Violet. But when it looks around and sees how bare the earth still is, and how few of its sisters are awake, it is frightened, and timidly draws in its head under its pale green leaves again. Man calls this modesty, but it is rather fear. And then a great longing for companions, which she expresses in sweet odors, arises in the Violet. Poor Violet! its desire remains ungratified, for when the other flowers appear its time is long over. But because it still continues to yearn for them, it sometimes appears again for a few days in autumn, when its longing is gratified. But that is the reason, too, that it no longer smells so sweetly as when it first flowers."

"Now you know what happens in spring," said the Poppy, as she continued, "and much in the same way it was at the creation. One flower followed the other. At the time, though, of which

my legend tells, the greater part were already assembled, and the earth was indeed lovely, for unity and joy reigned over it. Men and animals lived peaceably together, and there was nothing but pleasure the livelong day. One being alone—the only one in the wide, wide world—did not share this universal happiness, and wandered sadly over the earth: it was the Night. Why was she sad? you will ask. Because she was alone in this world, in which every other being had a companion; and is there happiness when we can not share it? In addition to this, the Night felt more and more, what she would gladly have hidden from herself, that she was the only being whom the others did not seem inclined lovingly to approach. For, although she voluntarily hung out a lamp, she was still forced to hide the beautiful earth from men and animals, and that estranged all hearts from her. You must not think that they found fault with her to her face; but in the joy with which they greeted the light of the morning, it was sufficiently evident how little affection they had for the Night. You may be sure how this grieved her, for she was of a kind and loving disposition. She wrapped her head in a thick veil to hide her bitter tears. This moved us compassionate flowers deeply, and as every creature held aloof from her, we endeavored to give her as much pleasure as we were able, although we could do but little to lessen her sorrow. We had nothing to offer but our colors and odors, and the Night had never had any great partiality for colors. So we spared our most delicious scents for her; some of us, indeed, the night-scenting Violet for example, no longer emitted her sweet odors by day, in order that she might present them to the Night, and this habit she has adhered to, as you know. But all this could not comfort the mourner, and she threw herself, in her sorrow, before the Creator's throne.

"Almighty Father," she began, "thou seest how happy every part of thy creation is; I alone wander about the earth, sad, lonely, and unloved, and have no creature to whom I can confide my grief. The Day flies before me, though I follow him eagerly; and as he, so do all other creatures turn away from me. Therefore, almighty Father, have pity upon me, and give me a companion!"

"The Creator smiled graciously, and answered the prayer of the Night by creating Sleep, and giving him to her as a companion. Is it not evident that the Creator smiled as he created him, for is he not loved by all, and does he not distribute blessing, happiness, and comfort? The Night took her friend to her bosom; and now a

very different period began. Not only was she no longer alone, but all hearts inclined to her, now that she brought Sleep, the favorite of all living creatures, with her, when she chased the Day from the face of the earth. Other friendly beings soon followed in her train, the children of Night and Sleep—the Dreams. They wandered over the earth with their parents, and were soon friends with men, who were themselves still children at heart. But, alas! there was soon a change. Passions awoke in the hearts of men, and their minds became less and less pure. Children are easily influenced by bad example, and so it happened that some of the Dreams, through their intercourse with men, became fickle, deceitful, and unkind. Sleep noticed this change in his children, and would have driven the degenerate ones away, had not their brothers and sisters entreated for them, and said: 'Let our brothers stay with us, they are not so bad as they seem, and we promise you to do our best to make reparation, wherever they do harm.' The father granted his children's prayer, and so the bad Dreams have remained in his company; but, strange to say, they always feel themselves most attracted by bad men.

"But man became worse and worse. One lovely night a man lay on the scented turf, when Sleep and the Dreams came up to him, but Sin prevented them from acquiring any influence over him. A fearful thought arose in his mind, the thought of murder—the murder of his brother. In vain did Sleep sprinkle soothing drops from his magic wand over him; in vain did the Dreams hover round him with their variegated pictures—he continually broke loose from their gentle bonds. Then Sleep called his children around him. 'Let us flee,' he said, 'this mortal is not worthy of our gifts!' and they fled. They were already distant when Sleep took his magic wand, and planted it in the earth, half angry that it had shown so little power. The Dreams hung upon it the light and airy variegated pictures which they had wished to present to the bad man. The Night saw this, and breathed life into the wand, so that it struck out roots in the earth. It put forth green leaves, but still continued to conceal the drops which summon sleep. And the gifts of the Dreams became fluttering leaves, delicate and gay. And so we Poppies had our origin."

The tale was ended, and from all sides the flowers bowed their heads in thanks to the narrator. It was by this time dawn. When it was fully light, the leaves of a Centifolia came fluttering through the wood, staying a while by each flower as they passed it, and sighing to each adieu.

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

WATCH.—“What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”  
Mark xiii, 37.

This is a solemn and impressive command. It comes from One who well understood the deep need of the duty he enjoins, and who, in his own unexampled history, was ever vigilant. It is from him, too, whom we acknowledge as our Master and Lord; who has a right, not only to exhort, but also to command us. Every enunciation of duty from his lips demands our earnest and prayerful attention.

And what is this watchfulness? The word literally means wakefulness, like that of the shepherd who keeps watch over his flock by night, or of the sentinel who stands upon the wall of a city surrounded by the enemy. It thus indicates a state of wakefulness, in opposition to one of drowsiness or sleep. We are to be vigilant, constantly on the look-out, lest some foe suddenly or stealthily rush in upon us, and carry off all that which we most highly prize. The New Testament use of the expression suggests VIGILANCE to guard against our enemies, and EXPECTED PREPARATION for the coming of our Lord.

VIGILANCE against our spiritual adversaries, which are numerous, subtle, and powerful.

Our great enemy, the devil, is a stealthy, ever-wakeful foe. His schemes for our overthrow are deeply laid, and most artfully executed. Artifice and cunning mark all his plans. He often transforms himself into an angel of light; putting on the appearance of truth, when he is in reality the father of lies. As the serpent creeps along the ground, or lies hidden in the grass, till he can give the poisoned bite; or as the lion watches for its prey; so he conceals himself till the favorable moment comes to spring upon his unsuspecting victim. With such an adversary constantly lurking in your path, now before, now behind, and now on either hand—an adversary so crafty, so daring, and so unwearied—ought you to be drowsy and indifferent? Is not the watch-tower your place? the sentinel's beat your daily walk? “Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith.” 1 Pet. v, 8, 9.

Then there is the world, against which we must exercise equal vigilance. In how many ways does it seek to gain our attention, and insnare our affections! Sometimes it insinuates that we do not make such an appearance in society as our circumstances warrant, nor equal to the circle in which we move. The putting on of gold and costly apparel, with lavish expenditure in our establishments, passes for becoming respectability. Covetousness insinuates itself in the garb of prudence, or economy, providing for those of our household; while all sorts of pleasures and dissipations demand compliance, under the name of innocent amusements or lawful recreations. The polite ones of the age have so dressed up the wolf in sheep's clothing, that the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life steal upon us unconsciously, and win our compliance by their false attire. Watch,

then, against the world; guard with all your care against the approaches and caresses of its customs, its fashions, its pleasures. Be scrupulous, and shun even the appearance of evil.

Our own heart requires quite as much watchful suspicion as either the world or the devil. It is a deceitful heart; and, even when partially brought under the influence of Divine grace, is often lured astray. Our desires wander from God, our affections linger on forbidden ground, our thoughts are absorbed in earthly things, unless we exercise a watchful oversight. Keep thy heart, then, with all diligence; suppress the first risings of evil; and defend it with prayer against all the temptations of Satan and the world.

These thoughts earnestly second the Lord's command to watchfulness. They suggest the idea of “a place where a man can hardly go to sleep, lest the plunderer or assassin be watching, or hovering near unseen; or a place where people can walk out no whither, without suspicion of some lurking danger or enemy not far off, and are to be constantly looking vigilantly and fearfully round; a place where they can not ascend an eminence, nor wander through a sequestered valley, nor enter a blooming grove, nor even a garden of flowers, without having the image of the serpent, the wild beast, or a more deadly mischief in human shape, as vividly present to the imagination as the visible enemy is to the eye. It may be said, Who could endure to live in such a place? Then, my friend, who can endure to live in this world? for these are but emblems of the condition of danger in which the soul sojourns on earth.”<sup>1</sup> What need, then, of vigilance to prevent surprise; of preparedness for attack; of readiness to repel assault! “I SAY UNTO ALL, WATCH.”

“Jesus, inspire the watchful power,  
And set me on thy cross's tower,  
Till life's sad moment's o'er;  
Here may I still my station keep,  
And never fold my arms to sleep,  
And never slumber more.”

There must also be a watchfulness of EXPECTANT PREPARATION for the Lord's coming.

How earnestly impressive are the passages which precede the exhortation which we have quoted, as if to repeat and enforce the Master's word on every one! “Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.” Servant of the Lord, art thou ready? Porter at the Master's gate, art thou asleep or awake? Penitent, behold the Judge standeth before the door: art thou prepared to receive the Lord Jesus as

\* John Foster.

thy Savior? O, arise, and shake thyself from the dust, and put on thy beautiful garments, that thou mayest enter in with him to the marriage. "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord." Luke xii, 35, 36.

"Full of earnest expectation,  
Look we for our heavenly Lord;  
Working out our own salvation,  
Laboring for a full reward;  
Happy in the task assign'd us,  
If we still our lives employ,  
Laboring on till Jesus find us,  
We shall share our Master's joy."

A BIBLE ILLUSTRATION.—"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air." 1 Corinthians ix, 26.

In order to attain the greater agility and dexterity, it was usual for those who intended to box in the games, to exercise their arms with the gauntlet on, when they had no antagonist near them, and this was called *εὐμαχία*, in which a man would of course beat the air. In the foot-race, the runners, of whatever number they were, ranged themselves in a line, after having drawn lots for their places. While they waited the signal to start, they practiced, by way of prelude, various motions to awaken their activity, and to keep their limbs pliable, and in a right temper. They kept themselves breathing by small leaps, and making little excursions, which were a kind of trial of their speed and agility; in such exercises, they might be said with great propriety to run uncertainly, toward no particular point, and with no direct or immediate view to the prize. But these allusions occur in the declaration of the apostle: "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air." He did not engage, in his Christian course, as one doubtful in himself whether, in pursuing the path of duty, he should have the honor of being crowned at last or not; as they are, who know that one only receives the prize; nor did he exercise himself unto godliness, like boxers or wrestlers, who sometimes fight in jest, or merely to prepare for the combat, or to display their strength and agility, while they had no resistance to encounter, no enemy to subdue, no reward to merit; but he pressed on, fully persuaded that, by the grace of God, he should obtain an incorruptible crown from the hands of his Redeemer.—*Purton*.

PASSING THROUGH THE WATERS.—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Isa. xliii, 2.

"Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me." Psalm lxix, 1, 2.

The roads in the east are often through marshes and swamps, which during the rainy season are generally overflowed with water. Passing through these the traveler has often cause to say, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters." They are intersected also with streams, over which there are no bridges, through which it is always difficult and often dangerous to pass. On the banks of these waters, persons station themselves to conduct travelers through them. If mounted, they conduct them by taking hold of the horses' bridle, if on foot, they carry them across on their shoulders. I have been often carried "through the waters" in both of these ways. What the guide does for the traveler in passing through these waters, God prom-

ises to do for the traveler heavenward, when passing through the waters of affliction, and the River of Death.

FULL MEASURE.—"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." Luke vi, 38.

Instead of the fibula that was used by the Romans, the Arabs join together with thread, or with a wooden bodkin, the two upper corners of this garment; and after having placed them first over one of their shoulders, they then fold the rest of it about their bodies. The outer fold serves them frequently instead of an apron, in which they carry herbs, loaves, corn, and other articles, and may illustrate several allusions made to it in Scripture: thus, "One of the sons of the prophets went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds, his lap\* full." And the Psalmist offers up his prayer, that Jehovah would "render unto his neighbors sevenfold into their bosom, their reproach." The same allusion occurs in our Lord's directions to his disciples: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." It was also the fold of this robe which Nehemiah shook before his people, as a significant emblem of the manner in which God should deal with the man who ventured to violate his oath and promise, to restore the possessions of their impoverished brethren: "Also, I shook my lap, and said, So God shake out every man from his house, and from his labor, that performeth not his promise, even thus be he shaken out, and emptied."—*Purton*.

SOWING TARES.—"But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way." Matt. xiii, 25.

Strange as it may appear, this is still literally done in the east. See that lurking villain, watching for the time when his neighbor shall plow his field; he carefully marks the period when the work has been finished, and goes in the night following, and casts in what the natives call the *gandinella*; that is, pig paddy: this being of rapid growth, springs up before the good seed, and scatters itself before the other can be reaped, so that the poor owner of the field will be for years before he can get rid of the troublesome weed. But there is another noisome plant which these wretches cast into the ground of those they hate, called *perum-pirandi*, which is more destructive to vegetation than any other plant. Has a man purchased a field out of the hands of another, the offended person says, "I will plant the *perum-pirandi* in his grounds."—*Roberts*.

EARLY PRAYER.—"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Mark i, 25.

Colonel Gardiner used constantly to rise at four in the morning, and to spend his time till six in the secret exercises of the closet, reading, meditation, and prayer. This certainly very much contributed to strengthen that firm faith in God for which he was so eminently remarkable, and which carried him through the trials and services of life with such steadiness, and with such activity; for he indeed endured and acted as if always seeing Him who is invisible. If at any time he was obliged to go out before six in the morning, he rose proportionally sooner; so that when a journey or a march was required him to be on horseback by four, he would be at his devotions by two.

## Papers Critical, Exegetical, and Philosophical.

THE RESURRECTION, 1 COR. XV.

BY REV. D. D. WHEDON, D. D.

THE resurrection is the most momentous transition in the entire eternal history of a human being. Assuming its glorious character—it is the completion of the redemption, the consummation of the exaltation of our nature, and the perfected and immortal blossoming of the flower of our blessed humanity. It is a fact not revealed by nature but by Scripture. Philosophy has usually, even in maintaining the immortality of the soul, denied the resurrection of the body. Yet the doctrine of the resurrection has been obscured, if not denied, by many even evangelical divines, who have not adhered to the strictly Scripture doctrine of the resurrection of the *same* body. We see not how there can be a resurrection of the body unless the same body, for substance, that *died* *revives* again. If the new body be another substance, and not the same identical body, then a body rises, but not *the* body. It is another body, and *the* body that *died* to live no more. There is, indeed, a *rising*, but not a *rising* again. There is a *surrection*, but not a *re-surrection*. The plain doctrine of Scripture is, that the body that dies *relives*—the same particles of matter in a new organization. The sameness is in the *substance*—the *material particles* that compose the body. The *alterity* or difference is in the *phenomena* of the *new organization*.

There is a chemical fact which may precisely illustrate the Scripture doctrine. A piece of charcoal is a very unsightly and inglorious thing. It is unattractive to the eye, and almost valueless for any use. Yet science affirms that its material—carbon—is identical with the diamond that glitters in the coronet of royalty. A reorganization, consisting simply of a change in the mutual relative position of the particles, would transform the blackest of lumps to the most brilliant of gems. This is not so much an illustration as an instance. It is a *fact of the same nature* as the resurrection; namely, a glorification by the reorganization of the same system of particles. The *sameness* is in the substance; the *alterity* is in the organization and its consequent phenomena.

The difficulties urged by objectors are spurious and unnecessary. There is the *arithmetical objection*, which maintains that the substance of the earth, extending far below its surface, would not supply matter enough to furnish the bodies of the human race, from the time of the creation to the present day. This objection, though often and confidently quoted, is, as any one may see by making the calculation, stupendously false. The whole human race, thus far, might all lie without mutual contact upon the surface of the state of New York. The *metaphysical objection*, that our bodies are continually changing, and, therefore, could not all rise at the resurrection, mistakes our doctrine. The doctrine is, that the body that *dies* is the body that *relives*. The resurrection body is, therefore, the *historical continuance of our present body*. It is a *historical sameness*. The metaphysical objection, that divine power can scarce be conceived able to keep the particles of each body separate from the aggregate of every other body, may be answered by many a parallel fact. Secret miracles of this kind pervade all nature. Such, in fact, are all the laws of nature; the

organic miracles of a lurking Omnipotence. Not a millionth part of these laws has yet been discovered by man. Such a mystery of miracle—a hidden law regulating apparent accident—is the preservation of the equality in number of the sexes. Not less so the law that prevents the intermingling of different races. Nay, every natural law around us—the attraction of cohesion, that holds each object to its individuality—*expansion* and *repulsion*, and all the laws that regulate material action, are but instances of the same sort. Not a whit more wonderful than these would be a secret law preserving the separateness of each dying body, and gathering the ashes into a mysterious unity to form the vehicle of the future spirit. The theories, therefore, so artificially constructed of *germs*, *newly created bodies*, and corporeal accretions gathering on the soul, are as unnecessary for a true philosophy as they are contradictory to a sound interpretation. We ignore all hypotheses. The doctrine we maintain is neither hypothesis nor theory, but the simple gathering up of the teachings of Scripture into a brief statement.

On any theory which denies the material identity of the body, can we explain the fact that the graves are opened, and that the spirit goes to their brink to resume and occupy its future tenement? Marvel not at this, says our Savior, for the hour is coming, when they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth; those that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation. John v, 28. This passage is inconsistent with the germ theory; for certainly a germ in the grave can not hear the voice of the Son of man. It is inconsistent with the creation theory, and with the accretion theory. It teaches a *resurrection* without any theory.

The fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians is doubtless the key passage upon this subject; and to that chapter, relied upon as it often is for the opposite view, and misunderstood, as we think it, by the great run of commentators, we make our appeal as containing our view of the Scripture doctrine. In order to understand the writer, in this as in every other case, it is necessary for us to understand his *stand-point*. And for this purpose it is necessary for us to state, *first*, with what class of persons he was arguing, and, *second*, what difficulties and objections he was meeting.

And with regard to the first of these two points, St. Paul was not arguing with heathens or Gentiles, but with a regular part of the Corinthian Church, whose faith was defective on this point. This is plain from the arguments which he adduces, in all of which he assumes the fundamentals of the Christian faith. He first states with great fullness the evidences which he had "delivered" unto them, that Christ had risen from the dead; and then opens the direct argument upon the resurrection in an interrogative form. "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, *how say some of you* that there is no resurrection from the dead?" Verse 12. He, then, in argument identifies the certainty of our resurrection with that of Christ; *negatively*, by maintaining that a denial of our resurrection denies his—13-19—and *affirmatively*, by showing how a risen and glorified Christ would carry his people triumphantly through—20-28.

He then resumes the argument *negatively*, by showing how all who labored, were baptized, or suffered for Christ, did all in vain, unless there be a resurrection—23-32. In this whole argument St. Paul, assuming the resurrection of Christ as the central point, ignores even immortality itself as a matter of hope, except as based upon our resurrection, involved in Christ's. It is plain, then, that he is arguing with Christians.

What class of Christians they were will appear from a settlement of the second query concerning Paul's standpoint; namely, what was the objection he was meeting? Their objection is thus stated: "How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" It is plain that their difficulty was in regard to the *identification of the body*. They understood St. Paul's doctrine of identity to be, that this same substance should rise with the same organism, and the same qualities of weakness, dishonor, corruption, and mortality now belonging to it.

This furnishes the clew to the particular party in the Corinthian Church who doubted the resurrection. They were not Jews, for Jewish prejudice was in favor of the resurrection. They were Gentiles, and probably had some tinge of gnosticism; namely, they tended to a belief of the natural evil of all matter and the perfect baseness of all corporeal existence. This contempt for the body, at first, would wear an air of high spiritual sanctity. But, on the other hand, it assumed a most licentious form, by maintaining that there was nothing wrong in abandoning a vile body to the basest uses. To all this St. Paul opposed the doctrine of the sanctification of the body—1 Cor. vi, 19—as a temple of the Holy Spirit, and based even that doctrine on the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. These persons, therefore, in the Corinthian Church were warned by the apostle—33, 34—to beware—to be awake—for, upon this point, *evil communications*, or doctrines, would not be merely theoretical, but would corrupt good manners, or morals, and work out licentiousness of life.

Such a party, then, will demand of the adherents "of Paul"—1, 9—"with what sort of body, forsooth, does the raised saint come? I understand your doctrine to be that he comes with the same body, which is a most shameful notion, as it loads the saint forever with corruption, shame, weakness, and mortality." Now, what is the apostle's answer? His answer occupies the entire chapter.

His entire answer may be compressed into the following sentence. The identity of the body does not imply the retention of its imperfections; for, as there are varieties in the same species, so there may be a difference in the same body in its different states; that is, though the *same* it may be *different*. It may be the same material, but a new and more beautiful organization. It may be the same number of the same particles; yet the new organization may exhibit a new set of qualities and aspects, just as the same number of the same particles in a charcoal may exhibit a new set of qualities and aspects in its diamond state.

Paul's opponents argued that flesh forsooth was flesh, and so, even in its resurrection state, necessarily vile and mortal. To this he first replies, that as a seed sown first dies and then reappears in a new God-given renewal, so the body must die out of its present fleshly, mortal state, and reappear in a like renewal—31-38. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat or of

some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." In this passage he denies that the resurrection of the same body implies the resurrection of its fleshly baseness. This dies away like the seed, and the body rises in a glorified appearance like the flower.

It is true that, botanically, the same entire particles of the seed do not compose the new flower. Hence many are tempted to find a germ theory here. But the apostle speaks, be it well remembered, only of the *visible facts*, obvious to the popular eye, to which *the flower is the seed come up*. He ignores every thing below ground. He makes no subsoil allusions. His illustration cuts off the taunt that his doctrine of the sameness of body, in point of substance, implied sameness in visible qualities. He held unquestionably that the body buried and the body raised would be like the seed sown and like unto its flower blooming.

He farther refutes his opponents by showing, even from visible nature, how wide the varieties even of flesh and other materialities. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory." Therefore, such being the varieties of fleshly and other material existences, let it not be imagined that the body can not arise with some new character of glory and beauty.

That this is his meaning will appear from the application of the previous illustrations which now follows. For that the following verses is the application of the previous analogies appears from the initial "so." And mark, 1. The "it" of the several verses, meaning the *body*, is constantly the same "it" before the resurrection and after the resurrection. It is the same *it* in the mortal and immortal state—the same substratum for the two successive sets of qualities, corruption and incorruption, etc. The substratum is the same; the phenomenal qualities are different. The carbon is the same in both the charcoal and the diamond conditions. "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Upon the body, in its earthly state, the qualities are corruption, dishonor, weakness, naturalism; on the same body, in its heavenly state, the qualities are incorruption, glory, power, spirituality. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

In this paragraph, the apostle having mentioned the terms *natural* and *spiritual*, as applied to *body*, interrupts his train of parallelism in order to illustrate these two terms. There here arises a difficulty to the purely English reader from the fact that there are wanting terms in the two languages synonymous in all their uses. The word *natural*, selected by our translators as an antithesis to spiritual, is very vague. It fails to aid the reader to fix, by contrast, the precise meaning of the epithet spiritual as applied to body. Hence many readers are

tempted to understand it to mean a *body made out of spirit*, which is in itself a contradiction.

To understand these terms, let us premise that the ancient philosophers divided the nature of man into *spiritus*, *anima*, and *corpus*, or *spirit*, *soul*, and *body*. The *spiritus* is his highest nature allying him to God; the *anima*—whence our word *animal*—is his lower immaterial nature, his animal soul, by which he is allied to the brute creation. The body, of course, is the material machine. Now, for the epithet *natural*, if we substitute *animal*—as an adjective derived from *anima*—we shall get the apostle's exact meaning. Then the *animal body* and the *spiritual body* will be respectively a body *suius* as a vehicle for the *anima*, and a body *suius* to be a congenial vehicle for the *spiritus*. So that by these two terms the apostle very suitably characterizes our body, before and after the resurrection, as adapted to its respective objects.

Paul further illustrates our *terrene animal body* by an allusion to the Scripture. God breathed into man the breath of life, and man became a *living soul*; that is, a *living anima*—a living animated being. He doubtless became something higher, but this is all the present words say. Now, this view of the first Adam, as a *living anima*, the apostle immediately takes and sets in humbling contrast with our second Adam, who is a *life-giving*, that is, a *resurrection-bestowing spiritus*. This he subsequently completes by saying that we now bear the *image* of the one, hereafter of the other. The difference between the body in its present and its future state is expressed: 1. By the antithesis *corruption—incorruption*. Now, *corruption*, *marring*, and *decay* arise from the fact that the cohesion between the particles is so imperfect that they give way, and so disorganize and decompose. Incorruption is secured if the particles are so organically fixed that they may be more impingible than adamant, and yet as elastic, undecaying, and indestructible as an organism of electric fluid. Such might well be called a spiritual body, as adapted to be the vehicle of the most powerful *spiritus*. 2. By the antithesis of *dishonor* and *glory*. Our bodies are in dishonor from ugliness, animal processes, and innumerable necessities and circumstantialities by which man becomes offensive to his own natural senses. *Glory* implies perfect beauty, deliverance from all base compulsions, and splendor perhaps outshining the sun. 3. By the antithesis of *weakness* and *power*. Such is the weakness of our present bodies that we are often unable to lift our own weight. Near half our time we collapse into sleep. We totter in childhood and limp in age. *Power* implies perhaps the strength and rapidity of a thunderbolt. 4. *Naturalism*, or *animalism*, is the antithesis to *spiritualism* of body. The former implies its congeniality and adaptation to base material uses; the latter, its congeniality with the high uses and state of spiritual existence.

"The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

In this paragraph the apostle resumes his parallel and argument, to illustrate how the resurrection of the same body may consist with two very different sets of bodily qualities and conditions. For the two different organisms are to be stamped with the impress of two very different types; namely, of the first, earthy Adam, and of the second, heavenly Adam. The same we who have

borne the former image, will be stamped with the latter image: But each different image is stamped upon the same material. His opponent must not, therefore, charge upon his doctrine of the resurrection of the same body, that it implies the resurrection of the base fleshliness; for that base fleshliness is the transient image of the first Adam, which must give place and be transfigured to the image of the glorified Christ. The whole is then condensed into the following concise summary: "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."

By *flesh and blood* here is meant that very base fleshliness which Paul's opponent charged upon the resurrection of the same body. For the phrase "*flesh and blood*," in Scripture, signifies not the pure and absolute material of our frames. It always implies corruption and mortality embodied in flesh and blood. Gal. i, 16; Eph. vi, 12; Heb. ii, 14. It is here explained in the very next clause as synonymous with, or, at least, implying corruption. The thirty-ninth verse, indeed, implies that resurrection body may be *flesh*, but not the *same flesh*. It may come, within the range of God's varied creative power, a *kind of flesh*; it may possess a *blood*; and yet not be, in the low and ordinary sense of the phrase, *flesh and blood*. Nay, it is to rebut the charge made by his gnosticising brethren against his doctrine of the resurrection, that it implied the resurrection of *flesh and blood*, that he levels his whole argument, and especially this verse.

The apostle next farther illustrates his position by the case of those who are alive at the second advent. They, at any rate, pass through no germ or vegetation process. Their living bodies have no other change, but simply that they put on immortality, etc. "Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality," etc.

Here, then, is a clear case—a perfect poser to all who deny the resurrection of the same body, by simply passing through a glorifying change, by which it puts on incorruption and immortality.

Having closed our discussion of the subject, as treated in this chapter, we submit, in addition, the following points:

1. The views we present are not a *theory* of the resurrection; but the doctrine itself of the resurrection. The so-called theories are not theories of a resurrection, but theories against a resurrection. They are vegetations, ascensions, accretions, developments, substitutions, but not resurrections. They do not fill up in meaning the terms which embrace a resurrection, and are only forced into the phraseology by a false fit. Had theirs been the true, original doctrine, that doctrine would never have naturally been clothed in the language now existing. If the believers of these theories will but see things as they are, and call them by their names, they will acknowledge themselves to be *deniers of the resurrection of the dead*.

2. Nor let it for one moment be supposed that this doctrine is merely speculative, without moral value or practical effect. Momentarily it may be so, but in the long run far otherwise. St. Paul opposed this doctrine, not merely to a heretical error, but against a licentious

tendency. It was on this point that he bid the Corinthians awake to righteousness; for on this subject evil inclinations would corrupt pure morals. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body is opposed to that gnostic abhorrence of matter as in itself simple, which, as experience shows, first effloresces into a high-flown spiritualism, and soon collapses into the most abandoned sensualism. On the contrary, the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is the foundation of the doctrine of the sanctification of the body. It is a basis of corporeal self-respect and decency, in opposition to filthy asceticism, monastic self-torture, and sanctimonious debauchery.

3. The Scriptures seem to have taken special care of this doctrine, not only by clear statements, but by visible examples. For to omit the texts in the Old Testament, and to pass lightly over the instances of Enoch and Elijah, translated bodily to the skies, how plain a pre-manifestation of the resurrection have we in the transfiguration, in which the body went into its resurrection state and came to its earthly condition again! And then we need again only to allude to the case of those who shall be alive at the resurrection-day, who, as the apostle shows, simply undergo the "change" of taking on immortality upon the mortal.

4. The language of the apostle, "this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality," plainly means that the very person of the apostle then writing would receive upon itself the investment of immortality. Nor is it any reply to this, to say that his body may have undergone several complete organic changes before that glorious time. The true doctrine only implies that the body is *historically the same*. If my body is to cross the Atlantic twenty years hence, it will be a body historically identical with my body of the pres-

ent moment. If my body shall die twenty years hence, it will be historically the same body. If my body shall have a resurrection twenty centuries hence, it must also be the same body historically. That resurrection must TAKE THE BODY WHERE LIFE LEFT IT AND CARRY ITS HISTORY ON. It must take its particles into organic unity, and rescue it from change or substitution for evermore. If it take a germ, a lump of the back-bone, or the outlines of the nervous system, the historic sameness is nullified, and the eternal thread forever broken. If the only resurrection be the investiture of the soul with a vapory accretion, to be called, forsooth, a *spiritual body*, there is neither resurrection, nor body, nor sameness, nor any thing else than the figment of a splendid dreamer.

Finally, the resurrection of the body has been, with great unity, confessed and professed by the universal Church of all ages and all lands—Greek, Roman, Syriac, and Protestant. The Church has done so, neither unconsciously nor inconsiderately. It has done so with full purpose against all the arguments of heresy, and with determined vigilance against all its maneuvers. Nor let modern supporters of opposite theories one moment imagine that their notions are new or original, or that they are any steps in the march of mind, or any original conception of modern genius, or any special feather in the cap of the nineteenth century. They are stale, old heresies, imported from oriental and pagan philosophy, opposed to the doctrines of the old Jewish Church, repudiated as false and immoral in the New Testament, tried and condemned in spite of their most subtle sophistries by the Christian Church, and rejected universally and perpetually. Such being the case, let us hold fast in good faith the venerable profession of the apostle's creed, "*I believe in the RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.*"

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**COST OF THE PRESENT EUROPEAN WAR.**—The Chancellor of the British Exchequer, in a statement to Parliament, estimates the cost of the two years' war with Russia at £43,564,000, or about \$200,000,000. Add to this equal amounts for France, Russia, and Turkey, and we have a total of \$800,000,000. It will take, perhaps, one thousand millions of dollars to pay all the expenses of the war. The entire specie and paper money circulating in the United States would just pay about one-third of this debt. One thousand million dollars would buy a fleet of three thousand magnificent ocean steamers, or a sufficient number of churches to seat comfortably the entire population of the globe. If invested at six per cent., it would support an army of more than a hundred thousand missionaries, or furnish teachers and ministers enough to civilize and Christianize all heathendom.

**THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.**—Our brethren across the Atlantic complain of the thin and cadaverous look of Americans, and congratulate themselves on the plump rosiness of Englishmen. We think it beef that makes the inhabitant of Great Britain fat, and they think the reason we are "poor and thin" is because we are money-chasers. Not exactly the truth. Professor Agassiz says that if the warm waters of the Gulf stream were taken away from the shores of Great Britain and brought close along the United States Atlantic coast, we might see the

facts in nature reversed—Americans plump and fat, and Englishmen lean and pale. The Gulf stream waters make England, though sixteen to twenty degrees colder than New York, a much milder and pleasanter climate.

**OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.**—REV. C. D. BURRITT, A. M., late Principal of this institution, has been succeeded by Rev. P. S. Donaldson, A. M., of Adrian, Michigan. The health of Mr. Burritt, who is at Ithica, New York, we regret to state, is very precarious, he having once or twice recently been prostrated with hemorrhage of the lungs. Mr. Donaldson is a teacher of long and large experience, and is every way adapted to the new post assumed by him.

**THE STARS AND STRIPES.**—The American tunnage of this country now figures up 5,400,000 tons, and will make the very respectable fleet of 5,400 ships of 1,000 tons each. And if the tunnage of the fleet be figured out in Yankee clippers of 200 tons each, and placed on the equatorial line around this globe, each skipper may speak the next in line, by raising his voice a little above the ordinary pitch on shipboard, round the whole circumference of the globe.

**CANADA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.**—In our list of Methodist papers in a late number of the Repository, we named the Canada Christian Advocate, Hamilton, Canada, as

published under the auspices of the parent Wesleyan connection, whereas we ought to have placed it among the issues of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

**THE SABBATH SUSTAINED.**—Late in February Sir Joshua Walmsley introduced into the English Parliament a resolution to have the British Museum and the National Gallery open on Sundays to the people. After a long discussion the resolution failed by a vote of 48 for it, to 376 against it. By an analysis of the 48 votes cast in favor of Walmsley's resolution, it appears that the infidels voted for, the Socinians voted for, and the Papists voted for—a worthy trio!

**COTTON SEED AND ITS USES.**—We see it stated that cotton seed yields 30 per cent. of oil, and that the total product of oil that could be obtained from the seed raised in the United States would amount to 671,940,000 pounds—the residue being oil-cake, amounting to 1,567,860,000 pounds. Our friend, Edgar Conkling, of Cincinnati, has invented a process for making soap from the seed without expressing the oil from them. He showed us a sample, and really it was very fine.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**—Boots are said to have been invented by the inhabitants of Carre, a town of Mesopotamia, and which is supposed to be the Chararan of Scripture, whence Abraham departed for the land of Canaan. They were at first made of leather, afterward of brass and iron, and were proof both against cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen-footed. Formerly in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe, in the fourteenth century, was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two and a half feet long; those of a baron, two feet; those of a knight, eighteen inches.

**GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF OHIO.**—In a conversation with David Christy, Esq., he informed us that himself and Dr. John Locke were to spend the current year in close geological examination of the state of Ohio, preparatory to issuing a standard volume on the geology of the state. The attainments, skill, and perseverance of these gentlemen warrant us in saying that the work, which is to be a \$3.50 octavo, will reflect credit upon the Buckeye state. A year or eighteen months will elapse before its completion and publication.

**DIMINISHED POPULATION OF HAWAII.**—The Polynesian says that the Hawaiian nation, which, seventy years ago, was estimated variously at from 200,000 to 400,000, now only counts 72,000, a decrease within this period of at least two-thirds. Vast tracts of land do not harbor a human soul; fertile kalo lands, once under cultivation, are left to the rule of grass and weeds. The island of Kauai, remarkable for the productiveness of its soil, and capable to sustain a population of at least 100,000, contains only 6,000. It is not to cruel and devastating wars that we have to attribute this unparalleled falling off in so short a time.

**SILVERED PORCELAIN.**—An application of silvered porcelain, as a reflector, has been made in London. The silvered copper reflectors, used in light-houses and elsewhere, soon tarnish; but the polish of the silvered porcelain is described as brilliant and indestructible. Some of the disks are twenty-one inches in diameter, a size hitherto believed to be impossible of attainment.

**OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN PREACHERS.**—Of 2,261 ministers of the Old School Presbyterians, only 1,088—less than one-half—are pastors or pastors elect; 465 are stated

supplies, leaving 608 as professors, teachers, secretaries, editors, domestic and foreign missionaries, or infirm. Of 8,079 churches, only 1,108 have pastors, 951 have stated supplies, 751 are vacant, 259 are not classified, most of them vacant. These figures show that two-thirds of the churches in the denomination named are without regular pastors; in other words, here are *one thousand ministers without any fixed relation whatever.*

**THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—It is said that in the English language proper, apart from technical and scientific terms, there are 20,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 9,200 adjectives, 8,000 verbs, 2,600 adverbs, 69 prepositions, 19 conjunctions, 68 interjections, and two articles—in all above 40,000 words. According to "Webster's Dictionary" there are 100,000 words.

**THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.**—The veteran Humboldt has written to the Astronomical Society, on certain appearances connected with the zodiacal light—drawing attention to new facts connected with that phenomenon; from which it appears that this remarkable light is not confined to the west, as was supposed, but has been seen by himself and others in the east at the same time. The latest observer, Rev. Mr. Jones, chaplain of the United States frigate Mississippi, during her recent cruise in the China and Japan seas, reports that he saw the extraordinary spectacle of the zodiacal light, simultaneously at both east and west horizons, for several nights in succession. The conclusion drawn from the sum of his observations will be a startling one to many; namely, that the earth is surrounded by a nebulous ring lying within the orbit of the moon.

**FIRST PAPER MILL IN AMERICA.**—The first paper mill in America was located at Wissahickon, Pennsylvania; the mill was erected by Claus and William Rittinghousen, who were of Dutch ancestry, and went to Pennsylvania from New Amsterdam. William Bradford was also part owner, but he rented his share to the Rittinghousens, now spelled Rittenhouse. The original lease, dated September 1, 1697, is still in existence, and the rent reserved by Bradford was seven reams of printing paper, two reams of good writing paper, and two reams of blue paper. This mill, then so celebrated, was swept away by a flood between 1699 and 1701, and so important was its reconstruction that William Penn wrote a certificate, recommending the citizens to give the sufferers relief.

**THE TRADE WINDS.**—The origin of the trade winds at the surface of the earth is thus explained: A number of natural agencies are at work to disturb the equilibrium of the atmosphere, and to give rise to aerial currents; among them the most important is the difference of temperature in different parts of the earth. The air within the tropics, constantly heated by the rays of our almost perpendicular sun, is rendered lighter, and is pushed up by the heavier air north and south of this region. A current in this direction from each pole is thus produced at the surface of the earth, while an opposite current toward each pole is generated by the rarefied air which rises above the heated belt, and flows backward like water seeking its equilibrium. These currents, on account of the rotation of the earth, are not along the meridian, but those at the surface take a westerly direction, while those above flow in an easterly course.

**LITERATURE IN FRANCE.**—Of books, pamphlets, etc., printed in France in 1855, there are in French, Greek, Latin, etc., 8,235; of musical productions 1,103; of engravings, lithographs, etc., 2,857.

## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

**FIVE HUNDRED MISTAKES of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Pronouncing, and Writing the English Language, Corrected.** New York: Burgess & Co. 16mo. pp. 73.—This work is capitally gotten up. We recommend it to the attention of public speakers, and to scholars of every grade. No teacher in the land, from the common school up to the university, should be without it. We shall occasionally give our readers a specimen of it in our Notes and Queries. The author, however, proves that "it is human to err," by a few "mistakes" of his own. Applegate & Co. are the Cincinnati, and J. B. Lippincott & Co. are the Philadelphia publishers.

**THE CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE WITH HIS BROTHER JOSEPH, with two Portraits.** 2 vols. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The motives which prompted Napoleon to action are here laid bare, and a clearer and deeper insight of the man's character is furnished than in any other work with which we are familiar. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**ABBOTT'S HISTORIES.**—We know of no finer works of general reading for the young than "Abbott's Histories," published by the Harpers. They are gotten up in very tasteful style, pink muslin covers, and now comprise twenty volumes, each of about 300 pages, large 16mo., and are sold at the low price of sixty cents. The following are the subjects of each volume:

History of Cæsar.

- " Hannibal.
- " Pyrrhus.
- " Mary Queen of Scots.
- " Queen Elizabeth.
- " Alexander the Great.
- " William the Conqueror.
- " Charles I. of England.
- " Charles II. of England.
- " Marie Antoinette.
- " The Empress Josephine.
- " Madame Ronald.
- " Hernando Cortez.
- " Cyrus the Great.
- " Xerxes.
- " Alfred the Great.
- " Nero.
- " Cleopatra.
- " Romulus.
- " Darius the Great.

The above may be obtained from any book publisher in the country.

Of all the translations of the ancient classics published in this country, the Harpers Classical Library takes the lead, whether we regard the excellency of the translation, the style of getting up, or the price at which they are sold. The following works of this series are now before us:

**VIRGIL.**—Davidson's translation—12mo. 404 pp.

**SALLUST, FLORUS, and V. PATRUCULUS.**—Watson's translation—12mo. 538 pp.

**HOMER'S ILLIAD.**—Brokley's translation—12mo. 466 pp.

**XENOPHON'S ANABASIS AND MEMORABILIA.** 12mo. 518 pages.

**HORACE.**—Smart's translation—12mo. 325 pages. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**HARPER'S STORY BOOKS,** prepared by Jacob Abbott, have reached the fifth volume. They are a square 16mo., beautifully gotten up and illustrated. Their very appearance will fascinate the young. They comprise a series of narratives, dialogues, biographies, and tales, appropriately said to be "for the instruction and entertainment of the young." Our "little readers" pronounce them "first rate."

The fourth volume contains a full description of Harper's mammoth printing establishment, including the *modus operandi* of all the various operations in printing, binding, etc., with numerous interesting illustrations. The second story is "Franklin, the Apprentice Boy," and the third, "The Studio, or Illustrations of the Theory and Practice of Drawing, for young Artists at home."

The fifth volume contains, 1. "The Story of Ancient History from the earliest periods to the fall of the Roman Empire." 2. "The Story of English History from the earliest periods to the American Revolution." 3. "The Story of American History from the earliest settlement of the country to the establishment of the Federal Constitution." For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**DANIEL VERIFIED IN HISTORY AND CHRONOLOGY: showing the complete fulfillment of all his prophecies, relating to civil affairs, before the close of the fifth century.** By A. M. Osborn, D. D., with an Introduction by D. D. Whedon, D. D. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 12mo. 202 pages.—We have read this work with great care and equal interest. We regard it as one of the most valuable of modern contributions to the exposition of Scripture prophecy. It is the result of profound study and much labor. The author writes with remarkable perspicuity and force. The subjects discussed are, "The Great Image," the vision of "the four beasts," the vision of the "ram and the he-goat," and the periods of chapter xii. The Doctor shows that the great image was the symbol of civil power; by the head of gold is meant the Babylonian empire; by the breast of silver the Medo-Persian; by the "kingdom of brass" the Macedonian or Greek empire; by the iron legs—the feet being of iron and clay—the Roman empire. The time covered by this dream commences at its date, which was in "the second year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar," or B. C. 608, and extends forward "till that stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon HIS FEET, that were of iron and clay," etc. By this "stone" is typified the kingdom of Christ. The iron age of Rome commenced with the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud B. C. 509, and terminated with the usurpation of Julius Cæsar a little before Christ. So that at the advent of Christianity, the Roman empire was already passing into its iron and clayey state. But it was upon the feet and toes of this empire that "the stone"—yet a stone, not a mountain—fell, and ground the iron, etc., to powder. The final extinction of the western empire, according to Gibbon, occurred A. D. 479. The whole period covered by this prophetic vision, then, was 1082 years, terminating A. D. 479. This brief analysis of one of the subjects examined in the work will serve as an illustration of the originality, independence, and aptitude of the author's interpretation.

In the vision of "the four beasts," the fourth beast is imperial Rome, and the "ten horns"—not ten empires, but ten kings; namely, "1. Augustus; 2. Tiberias; 3. Caligula; 4. Claudius; 5. Nero; 6. Galba; 7. Otho; 8. Vitellius; 9. Vespasian; 10. Titus." The "little horn"—so powerful, blaspheming, persecuting, which was to prevail over the Church for "a time and times," etc., and then be destroyed—is Domitian, whose cruel persecution lasted three and a half years, and in whom the Flavian family terminated. After his violent death the senate decreed that his name should be struck out of the Roman annals, and thus "his dominion was taken away and consumed unto the end."

We have not space for further analysis. We think the careful reader will find it difficult to resist the conviction that Dr. Osbon has given the true interpretation of the remarkable prophecies of Daniel. We agree with Dr. Whedon in recommending this work "to the cordial reception of both our ministry and people, and trust it will do a valuable service in awakening and gratifying a deep interest in one of the most attractive departments of sacred truth."

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE; or, *Young Humphrey Davy, the Cornish Apothecary's Boy, who taught himself Natural Philosophy, and eventually became President of the Royal Society.* By Henry Mayhew. With numerous illustrations. 16mo. Muslin. Price, 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby, Main, below Fourth-street.—In this volume, for boys and girls, we have described the safety lamp, heat and light, sun pictures, and a multitude of other things of a scientific nature, but yet all in a style of such fascination as to keep the attention constantly chained. The book will tend not only to rouse the sluggish and encourage the ambitions among the young folks, but will afford a rich mine of instruction to older heads.

MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & Co., Cincinnati, have just republished, in four duodecimo volumes, Edward Farr's Manual of Ancient History, a work which, in England, has a firm and wide-spread reputation. The type is large and clear, and the volumes have, every way, an attractive look. A fuller notice will be furnished in another number.

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Quarterly Reviews are republished by L. Scott & Co., New York, and also the Blackwood Magazine; the Reviews at \$5 each, and Blackwood for \$3 per annum—the whole of them for \$10.

THE EDINBURGH, for January, contains, 1. The Civil Wars and Cromwell. 2. Himalayan Journals. 3. The Rural Economy of France and Britain. 4. The Minister Von Stein. 5. Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects. 6. The Use of Torture in India. 7. Sir Robert McClure's Discovery of the North-West Passage. 8. The Life and Writings of M. de Stendhal (Henri Beyle.) 9. The Suez Canal. 10. Russian Campaign in Asia.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY.—1. Table-Talk. 2. Reformatory Schools. 3. Menander. 4. Henry Fielding. 5. Necology of the Cloister. 6. Landscape Gardening. 7. The Zoological Gardens. 8. The Results and Prospects of the War.

BLACKWOOD, for March.—1. Lidell's History of Rome. 2. Montell. 3. Biography gone Mad. 4. The Greek

Church. 5. Nicaragua and the Fillibusters. 6. The Scottish Fisheries. 7. Sidney Smith. 8. Peerages for Life. 9. The Wensleydale Creation.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 8vo. 60 pages. Receipts, \$234,587.21. Disbursements, \$218,667.05.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—8vo. 176 pages. Receipts, \$15,425.71. Disbursements, \$11,918.29.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS OF RHODE ISLAND.—The Rev. Robert Allyn, the Commissioner, is a member of the Providence conference.

SIXTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.—Rev. E. Cooke, D. D., is President, and is assisted by eight professors. In the Female Collegiate Institute there are five additional teachers. In the collegiate and preparatory departments there are—gentlemen, 239; ladies, 206; total, 445. A grand result this. We congratulate our old college room-mate upon his great success.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—Wm. L. Wood, A. M., is Principal, and is assisted by sixteen teachers. Students—gentlemen, 387; ladies, 227; total, 614.

NEW JERSEY CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—Rev. J. T. Crane, A. M., Principal, assisted by seven teachers. Students—gentlemen, 143; ladies, 90; total, 233.

REGISTER OF THE WEST RIVER CLASSICAL INSTITUTE, Md.—Rev. R. G. Chaney, A. M., Principal, assisted by five teachers. Students, 76.

OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL, of New York city.—Attending surgeons, Mark Stephenson, M. D., 167 East Fourteenth-street, and John P. Garish, M. D., 860 Broadway.

REPLY TO PROFESSOR MATTISON'S CALM REVIEW of Dr. Perry's late Article in the Christian Advocate and Journal. By James H. Perry. 8vo. 55 pages.

AN ANSWER TO DR. PERRY'S REPLY to the Calm Review. By H. Mattison. 8vo. 96 pages.—We repeat our regret for the occasion of this polemic warfare. Still more do we regret the personalities into which the parties have been drawn. Yet we will now say that we think it will be well for our brethren, who are charged with watching over the flock of Christ, to procure these three pamphlets and carefully read them; and also for our leading-official members to have them in possession. They may not derive much spiritual good from them; but they will be posted up in a movement of not a little moment in the Church. Those who have read the "Reply" of Dr. Perry should also read the "Answer" of Professor Mattison.

So far as the doctrinal part of the controversy is concerned it seems to be about this: Professor M. charges that sister Palmer teaches the four points specified in our notice of the Calm Review in the April number, in relation to the nature and profession of sanctification, and appeals to her printed books for proof, as well as to the teachings of those who have embraced her peculiar views. On the other hand sister Palmer, through Dr. Perry as her advocate, denies—that is, if we understand her—that she either entertains or has taught such views. It is right that sister Palmer should have the benefit of this denial. Where the weight of proof lies, those interested in the discussion can determine for themselves.

Both of the above pamphlets are printed at 200 Mulberry-street, New York.

## Notes and Queries.

LEV. XI, 20. ANSWER TO J. A. L.'S QUERY.—If you will look at Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon, p. 1088, 2d col., 11th and 10th line from the bottom, you will find the passage thus translated, "Winged reptiles going upon all fours;" also this remark: "That is, *bats*, nor *crickets*, which latter have six legs, though they are said to use only four in going." But why mention the bat in verse 19? Is not the lexicographer in error? In verse 21 and 23 the same Hebrew words are rendered, "Every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all fours." With this translation both the LXX and Vulgate coincide, but not, as I apprehend, with the "i. e." of Gesenius. Verse 20 seems to be a general prohibition as to a class, and verse 21 and 22 exceptions. I present the following from Calmet's Dictionary, edited by Taylor, 4 vol. 4to., vol. iv, p. 32: "This means to describe the locust, etc. . . . The distinction, I presume, is this, the locust has usually, besides his wings, six legs, four for crawling and two for leaping; such as may have four legs only are forbidden, since they only creep with such feet, though they fly with their wings; but if they have two hind legs also, with which they leap, then as they leap and fly as well as creep, they are allowed. It will follow that the locusts named in the following verses have six legs. This principle excludes other insects, flies, etc., which use their two fore-feet as paws, but do not leap with any." In the 23d verse is enumerated four varieties of the LOCUST—not beetle and grasshopper. The Arabs eat certain kinds of the locust.

HOPHAL.

FOWLS UPON ALL FOURS.—Dear Editor,—In your chapter on "Notes and Queries," of the March number of the Repository, "J. A. L.," after quoting from Leviticus, "all fowls" "going upon all fours," inquires, "Is there any fowl now existing that answers to this description?" If "fowl" in Genesis i, 20, 21 means creatures that "fly above the earth," and creatures that are "winged," then we answer, Yes, they do exist, and are known in this region as the flying-squirrel. I caught a young one last summer and tried to raise it upon milk; but Orange county, N. Y., was too hard for him, and now, alas! he mingles with the dust.

Will your correspondent be satisfied? If he is easy to be pleased, I may, at my leisure, if ever I have any, try and answer your querist of April in relation to "the cause of the fog-banks of Newfoundland."

OMA.

UP vs. DOWN.—The expression, lately become very common; "Up to the present time," and so forth, is wrong. It ought to be, "Down to the present time." The stream of time, like all other streams, is always descending. In tracing a thing backward, from the present time, it is quite right to use the word up.—*Notes and Queries.*

A CURIOUS EPIGRAM.—To the English Notes and Queries we are indebted for the following: "A miser named Sunday, who was resident somewhere or other in Scotland, being weary of his life, made a will, in which he left £100 for the best epigram to be written on his death, and afterward hanged himself. An honest cobbler, who was given to frequenting a beer-house, and had spent his last penny thereat, heard of this bequest, and bethought himself that he might raise a fund wherewith to furnish himself with further copious drafts, if he only were suc-

cessful. The adjudicators decided that his epigram was the best. It was as follows:

"Blessed be the Sabbath,  
And cursed be world's pelf;  
Monday morn begin the week,  
For Sunday's hanged himself."

THACKERAY'S IRISH BALLADS.—A writer in Chambers's Journal gives us a few glimpses of the recently-published ballads of Thackeray. His Irish ballads are most exquisitely done—the bad spelling and bad grammar are artistic. The writer specifies one which he heard once recited at a literary club, by a son of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, who at the time declared that no Englishman had equaled its author in the Irish spirit in which that Irish ballad was written. The ballad—which, from the lips of Mr. O'Connell, made every one "roar with laughter loud and long"—is apropos of the meeting at Limerick held by the "Young Irelanders," O'Brien, Meagher, etc., for the purpose of agitation, but which was interrupted by the police. The exordium is grand!

Ye genii of the nation,  
Who look with veneration,  
And Ireland's desolation onsayingly deplore;  
Ye sons of General Jackson,  
Who thrample on the Saxon,  
Attend to the transaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumburg,  
Atyrant and a humbug,  
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,  
Our fortitude and valliance  
Instructed his battalions  
To rispect the gallant Irish upon Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line—  
'Tis William Smith O'Brine—  
Reprints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more.  
O the Saxons can't indure  
To see him on the flure,  
And thrimble at the cuero from Shannon shore.

The ballad then goes on to relate how, on his return from "Par's" (Paris) the Limerick heroes determined to feast "Mr. O'Brine," and that they consequently

Summoned to our board  
Young Meagher of the Sword—  
'Tis he will shathe that battle-ax in Saxon gore;  
And Mitchell of Belfast  
We bade to our repast,  
To dhrink a dish of coffee upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binafft your souls  
To see the burthered rows,  
The sugar-tongs and sanguidges, and crain galyore.  
And the muffins and the crumpets,  
And the band of harps and thrumpets,  
To allybrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

'But Clarndon and Corry  
Connellan beheld this sworry  
With rage and emulation in their black hearts' core;  
And they hired a gang of ruffians  
To interrupt the muffins,  
And the fragrance of the congo, upon Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harrangued,  
They bathered and they banged;  
Tim Doolan's dores and windies down they tore;

They smashed the lovely windies—  
Hung with muslin from the Indies—  
*Pursuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.*

With throwing of brickbats,  
Drowned puppies and dead rats;  
These ruffin-democrats themselves did lower;  
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,  
Cabbage-stalks and wooden legs,  
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"  
Says Meagher of the Sword;  
"This conduct would disgrace any blackmore!"  
But the best use Tommy made  
Of his famous battle-blade,  
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine  
Was raging like a fire [Hon:]  
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;  
In his glory he arose,  
And he rushed upon his foes;  
But they hit him on the nose, by Shannon shore.

Then the fuff and the dthragoons,  
In squadrons and platoons,  
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;  
And they bate the rattatoo;  
But the Peelers came in view,  
And ended the shaloo upon Shannon shore.

Can the force of ridicule go further? Young Ireland has indeed fallen, and it may be that Thackeray has had a greater hand in the "upset" than many think; certain it is, that to this day the Irish journals are much against him.

**BAYONET, NOT BAGGONET.**—"He has a *bayonet* to his gun:" never say *baggonet*. This error is a peculiarity of the Wiltshire dialect, in England. In an old Wiltshire song the following stanza occurs:

"A hornet zet in a holler tree,  
A proper spiteful trowd was he;  
And merrily sung while he did zet—  
His sting as sharp as a *baggonet*."

*Five Hundred Mistakes.*

**INGENUOUS USE OF LANGUAGE.**—The following lines afford an instance of the ingenious uses to which the English language may be put:

"You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;  
O, sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;  
O let not my sigh for a cipher go,  
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so!"

The above is more briefly expressed in the following manner:

"U 0 a 0, but I 0 u,  
O, 0 no 0, but O 0 me;  
O let not my 0 a 0 go,  
But give 0 0 I 0 u so!"

*Five Hundred Mistakes.*

**A GRAMMATICAL PLAY UPON THE WORD "THAT."**—

"Now *that* is a word which may often be joined,  
For *that that* may be doubled is clear to the mind;  
And *that that that* is right, is as plain to the view,  
As *that that that that* we use is rightly used too;  
And *that that that that that* line has in it, is right—  
In accordance with grammar, is plain in our sight."

*Five Hundred Mistakes.*

**ALL THROUGH A CHINK IN THE WALL.**—An injudicious disposition of a clause in a sentence frequently creates great merriment in the reading. In Goldsmith's "History of England," a book remarkable for its carelessness

of style, we find the following extraordinary sentence in one of the chapters of the reign of Queen Elizabeth: "This"—a communication to Mary Queen of Scots—"they effected by conveying their letters to her by means of a brewer that supplied the family with ale through a chink in the wall of her apartment." A queer brewer that—to supply ale through a chink in the wall! How easy the alteration to make the passage clear! "This they effected by conveying their letters to her through a chink in the wall of her apartment, by means of a brewer that supplied the family with ale."—*Five Hundred Mistakes.*

**"UNCREATED LIGHT."**—God is "uncreated," and he alone. Of course the "light" which is *uncreated*, is "not any where." There is no difficulty, then, about understanding that "darkness." Where no light is, there is ever darkness. A. MOORE.

**A DELICATE EPITAPH.**—In the church-yard of Old St. Pancras is still found the following epitaph, now over one hundred years old. It is inscribed to a Miss Basnett, who died in 1756, at the age of 23.

"Go spotless honor and unsully'd truth,  
Go smiling innocence, and blooming youth:  
Go female sweetness, join'd with manly sense,  
Go winning wit, that never gave offense;  
Go soft humanity, that blest the poor,  
Go saint-eyed patience from affliction's door;  
Go modesty that never wore a frown,  
Go virtue and receive thy heavenly crown.  
Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse,  
The friend inscrib'd thy tomb, whose tear bedew'd thy hearse."

**WESLEY AND COKE.**—*Mr. Editor*,—If Mr. Wesley believed that in the true primitive Church the order of bishop and presbyter were one and the same, why did he ordain Dr. Coke, who was then a presbyter? Or, if he did not believe them to be the same, how could he claim the right to ordain Dr. Coke to the *higher* office, when Mr. Wesley himself had attained only to the *lower*?

*Dear Mr. Editor*,—As it is the mode to ask questions and relate anecdotes for your table, perhaps you will allow me to "put in a word."

I would like to know if any of your readers can tell me who was the author of "Old Mother Hubbard?"

Whoever will take the trouble to ascertain will be apt to find himself greatly astonished at his discovery.

Also, can any one inform me where I may find a translation of the German legend of Santa Claus, or Cris Kringle? I have once seen it, but never have been able to remember where. A. MOORE.

**THEIR STRENGTH IS TO SIT STILL.**—*Mr. Editor*,—Please give, in the Repository, your views on the following words: "Their strength is to sit still." Isaiah xxx, 7.

DON.

**BURYING THE DEAD WITH HEADS TO THE WEST.**—*Brother D. W. Clark*,—As you have asked for "Notes and Queries" for the Repository, I wish to ask for light on the origin of burying the dead with heads toward the west. L. N.

**AUTHORSHIPS OF SUNDEY QUOTATIONS.**—

"A mind content, both crown and kingdom is."

Robert Greene: 1583.

"False colors last after the true be dead."

Thomas Decker: died about 1683.

"We ne'er are angels till our passions die."—*Ibid.*

"Had Cain been lost, God would have changed his doom,  
Not forced him to wander, but confined him home."

Satire on the Scots, 1647; by John Cleveland.

## Editor's Table.

DR. THOMAS E. BOND.—It is not necessary for us to announce the death of this great and good man. The announcement has already borne sadness to the hearts of the lovers of Methodism throughout the Church. As the number of men of intelligence and general influence has been constantly increasing in the Church, a more general recognition of the power of the lay element in our social organization has been recognized. It will not be invidious to the great and good laymen yet left among us, and whom we rejoice to recognize as fellow-laborers, to say that foremost in their rank stood the venerable man whose name is at the head of this article. He loved the Church of his choice with a fervent and devoted love, and was in every thing loyal to her best interests. But he was a Christian of too broad and catholic feeling to indulge for a moment in sectarian bigotry or prejudice. His name will live in the history of the Church. We knew him and loved him too well not to be pained at his departure. But he has fallen in the heat of the conflict, with his armor still girded on him. Peace to his ashes!

SUNDREY ITEMS OMITTED.—Much of the usual matter for the Editor's Table gives place, this month, to matter of another kind. A long list of "articles declined" is deferred till our next number, as is also quite an amount of gossip with correspondents, and a still larger amount of items for and about the children.

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—Little "Lewie."—The following touching scrap, from a New York correspondent, goes directly to the heart:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there."

"Lewie! Lewie!" called out a child's voice from a group of children playing in a vacant lot at the side of our house. 'Lewie! Lewie!' and my heart echoed over and over again, 'Lewie! Lewie!' till the tears welled up from their deep fountains, and coursed down my face. Ah! I thought, how often, a few months ago, that name was on our lips, and how seldom we say it now, and in what subdued tones, 'as though it were a sin to speak of one whose home is with the angels!' Then came memory's visions of the beautiful; joyous baby-boy, and the sweet smile of that little dimpled mouth which always answered to our call, and his own efforts, in baby tones, to call other members of the family. How we loved then to say Lewie! Lewie! It was like pleasant music, of which we never tired. How joyfully we said it, for Lewie made our family circle complete! There were other children before him—three dear little girls—and we loved them none the less than him; but Lewie was our only boy. How hopefully, too, as we looked into the future, we wrote his name on all our airy castles; even from the little sister, who had a brother now to swing her, to the parents and grandparents, who looked forward and beheld him arrived at man's estate, honoring the family name, and soothing and supporting their declining years.

"The dreaded second summer came, and his mother, fearing to keep him in the city, took him to her father's home to spend the sultry summer days. Weekly we heard from him, and two months passed by; then came a let-

ter—a letter with sad news, for it told us our darling was sick. Sorrowfully, then, we said, 'Lewie! Lewie!' for we feared he would die. Mournfully we whispered his name as we gathered round the little casket, and placed pure white flowers in his tiny hand, and on the coffin lid; but we murmured not. Once again we said, 'Lewie! Lewie!' It was as we turned tearfully away and left him sleeping in the cemetery at Newburg; but we looked up and added, 'Forever with the Lord—amen, so let it be.'"

*The Keepsake.*—Not long since we received from our old friend, W. H. Dikeman, Esq., of the city of New York, a copy of a beautiful little volume printed for private circulation. It was a memorial of two interesting daughters, cut down in the first dawn of womanhood—the first, at the age of eighteen, died in 1846; the second, at the age of twenty-one, in 1855. To the "Keepsake," prepared for the former, has been added that of the latter, so that their memorials, like their own pure spirits, are blended together. It was a beautiful idea that originated this volume, and a sacred and holy feeling it is designed to gratify. An excerpt from the letter from our bereaved friend will interest thousands of our readers, who have no further knowledge of the persons or the place:

"*Rev. and Dear Brother,*—Some time since my attention was called to an article in the Ladies' Repository—the number for August, 1853—by the editor, headed 'Greenwood Cemetery.'"

"While reading this interesting article, with intense interest, I arrived at 'Ocean Hill,' and came to the following language: 'We noticed a chaste and simple monument, still more simple in its inscription, "Julia's Grave;" whether erected by a father, brother, husband, or lover we know not,' etc.

"O what feelings came over me as I read these records! Memory recalled past scenes and past associations, and the warm tears coursed down my cheeks as I thought of my beloved ones, whose precious dust sleeps in that sacred spot. The inscription on the other side of that monument is the same as the *title-page* of the accompanying little volume, prepared as a 'keepsake' for the friends of my deceased daughter, to which I have recently added, as you will see, the record of another beloved daughter, who has been called from the Church militant to the higher associations and purer joys of the heavenly world.

"Should you be permitted to revisit that beautiful 'City of the Dead,' and in your wanderings reach 'Ocean Hill,' pause and kindly remember your afflicted, unworthy brother, who has so often visited that sacred spot to commune in spirit with the departed.

"I have been amply compensated for preparing and publishing this little volume, by learning that it has been the means of the awakening and conversion of several young ladies in whose hands it has been placed by religious friends."

May God bless our bereaved brother, and may this little sacred memorial scatter blessings every-where in its path!

*Answer to Jesse Grumbler.*—By the way, "Jesse Grumbler" is less a myth than a reality. The second installment of his letter went to "the shades;" yet "a lady subscriber, but not a minister's wife," remembers the

first. We are sorry our space will not admit of her "answer" entire:

"Really, Mr. Grumbler, you must feel greatly relieved, after such an outpouring of *righteous indignation*, and can now rejoice in the consciousness of having performed your duty, at least, in your denunciation of the evil changes taking place in our Church, its ministers and their wives. How a mind so contracted could *conceive* and *suggest* such *liberal* and *magnanimous sentiments* is certainly surprising! It is strange that we should be expected to deny ourselves some unnecessary luxury, or contribute a pittance from the abundance that our Creator has showered upon us for the purpose of erecting suitable edifices in which to honor and worship the bountiful Giver, and support his chosen ambassadors. How inconsistent, when we need it all to advance our *own* worldly interests!

"From that religion which produces no liberality of views, no enlargement of heart, good Lord deliver us. It is too cheap to pass for any thing but counterfeit. The elegance, finish, and adaptation of our church edifices have by no means kept pace with our means as a denomination. It is a shame when professed Christians live in elegance and yet continue to worship God in unsightly, mean, and repulsive buildings. And in nine cases out of ten this state of things does not result from the love and practice of 'old-fashioned Methodism'—much abused word!—but either from the lack of refinement of feeling and manner or miserly meanness. There is no religion nor love of God in it. Such persons make religion appear repulsive—they dishonor Methodism; and I don't wonder that their children either leave us and go to other denominations, or think that all profession of religion is hypocrisy, and plunge into all manner of wickedness. Were we all poor and unable to do otherwise, it would be right that we should worship in log houses, just as we would live in log huts and eat out of wooden spoons and plates had we no other.

"And then this mean notion that preachers ought to 'take up land and work through the week like others, so as not to be a burden upon the people'! Preachers ought to work; they ought to study their sermons and store their minds with knowledge, and also visit their people during the week; and if they do this faithfully it would be work enough. But who does not know that these old grumblers are the very first to complain, if they find out the preacher has a little property? And then they will say, 'It is no matter whether his salary is paid or not, he's rich.' Ah, how honest! just about as honest as if the capitalist should refuse to pay the laborer his day's wages because he found out he had a peck of meal and a few potatoes in his rude cabin. Not only will the curse of God rest upon such meanness and dishonesty, but it will discourage our best men and drive them out of the itinerancy, and it will prevent men of talent entering it.

"The same class of grumblers object to 'hired help' for the minister's wife. Yes, let the preachers' wives 'get along without help'! And, indeed, why may they not take in sewing, washing, or some other kind of work, and thus, in addition to 'doing their own work,' contribute to the support of the family? That, Mr. Grumbler, is an argument (?) which defies reply. We can only sit down in silent admiration of your lofty views! If God don't send leanness into your soul—we fear it is nothing but leanness now—and if your children are not ruined by the miserable pelf you are robbing God in order to hoard up, I shall be greatly mistaken. So, farewell."

SIDEBOARD FOR CHILDREN.—An esteemed brother sends us the following:

Dear Brother,—You have given us some good things among the sayings of the little folks; but have you considered the consequences of opening your columns to this species of literature? Suppose all of us who have *extraordinary* children should send you the notes we have made of their wise sayings, and require you to "print 'em," the world could hardly contain the books that would be written.

We have at our home a *bairn*, some of whose outgivings are a "thing of beauty" to us, and pleasant to be remembered. On one occasion, when he was between two and three years of age, he saw a team of oxen passing in the street and called to his mother with great animation, "O ma, come here quick, and see these *horse cows*."

He had never before seen or heard of oxen, and supposing these bovines to be cows, he gave them at the instant a name indicating the manner in which they were being used.

On another occasion, when he was between four and five years of age, after being put to bed, he called his mother and complained that he could not sleep, for the reason, as he expressed it, that he felt "*afraidish*." She reasoned with him, and assured him that he was in no danger; still he did not seem quite satisfied. His mother then reminded him of the care which our heavenly Father takes of children night and day, and asked him if he had not prayed, before going to bed, that the Lord would keep him safely through the night, and whether he did not believe that the Lord would hear and answer his prayer. "Yes," said he; "but, ma, my prayer says,

'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake'—

don't that mean that something might happen?" His mother confesses that she found herself for the moment perplexed in replying to the argument. R. M. H.

The Child with one Beautiful Idea.—One summer evening a fond mother sent, as usual, her two little girls—Julia and Lilly—early to bed. For a long while after they had retired she heard them talking, and feeling curious to know what her pets were chatting about so long, she stole quietly to their room-door and overheard the following:

"Lilly, what did God make?"

"Why, he made flowers."

"That's right; but, Lilly, what else did he make?"

"Well—well—flowers."

"Yes, Lilly, but I say what *else* did he make?"

"Why, Julia, he made more flowers."

Here is one from western New York:

Mr. Editor,—Our dear little Kate, last fall, when only three years and three months old, arose from her bed one foggy morning, and going to the window she stood rubbing her eyes for a moment or two, and then exclaimed with surprise, "O ma, ma, the sky is spoiled, the sky is spoiled!" J. P.

THE REPOSITORY.—Simultaneously with the issue of the present number, the General conference for 1856 will commence its sessions at Indianapolis. Another quadrennial in the career of the Repository will then close. It may not be amiss briefly to review its course and mark its progress at different stages.

The original conception of the magazine was with an intelligent layman residing in Cincinnati, Samuel Wil-

liams, Esq., now enjoying a good, "green old age." He first memorialized the Ohio conference upon the subject in 1839. That body took favorable action upon the memorial, and petitioned the General conference of 1840 for the establishment of the magazine. The petition was received with high favor; the Western Book Agents, in conjunction with the Book Committee, were authorized to commence the publication, and the Rev. L. L. Hamline was elected editor. The first number of the Ladies' Repository was issued in January, 1841. At the end of four years Rev. L. L. Hamline, who was elected to the Episcopacy, was succeeded by E. Thomson, D. D. His connection with it as editor closed with the July number in 1846, and the Rev. B. F. Tefft was elected his successor. Dr. Tefft's official connection with it continued till the General conference of 1852.

At first it comprised only thirty-two pages, and but four engravings for the year. Each number of the second volume was embellished with an engraving. Only one appeared in the third volume; but the retrenchment in engravings was found to be *saving at a loss*, and the experiment has not since been repeated. In 1850 the tenth volume was increased by the addition of eight pages—making forty pages in all. In 1853 it was still further increased by eight additional pages—making forty-eight in all; and in 1855 the still further addition of sixteen pages was made, carrying up the work to sixty-four pages—just double its original size. At the same time this enlargement has been going on, improvement has also marked every department of the work; better paper—till we may say the *best*—is used; the mechanical execution has been carried to the highest perfection of the art. We have now in each number two original steel engravings, the equal of which no magazine in the land can boast. We flatter ourselves, too, that improvement has also marked the literary department; certainly our pages contain a greater variety than in former years. While all these improvements have been going on, the subscribers have not been called to advance one cent beyond the original subscription price. We think the friends of the Repository may point with just pride to these facts and challenge any equal instance of progress in this respect.

It is due also to state that the public have not failed to reciprocate the efforts of the publishers and the editors to serve them. We can not detail the progress of its circulation, but may give its quadrennial summation. In April, 1844, its circulation was about 3,500; in 1848 it was about 8,500; in 1852 it was about 13,000, and at the present moment, April 1, 1856, it is 29,580, and rapidly increasing. It will be seen, by this, that its sphere of influence has been constantly widening, till it has reached a circulation attained by few magazines in the country.

Our own call to an editorial connection with it came suddenly and unexpectedly, and it was with much hesitation that we finally acceded to the call. Our expectations were not large. We were well aware that the field in our Church literature, entirely monopolized by the Repository before that time, was now to be shared by another magazine of deservedly popular character. Under these circumstances, the continued increase of its circulation furnishes an occasion for gratitude to the kind friends who have so generously and heartily aided in the good work. Nothing has given the editor deeper pleasure than the cordial and almost universal co-operation he has received from his brother ministers, both in the west and in the east. And, next to his thanksgiving to his heavenly Father, he would remember to express his grati-

tude to them. The confidence they have reposed in him he has endeavored to hold sacred.

These three and a half years, however, have been years of earnest effort and constant labor. Much of this labor might have been spared; but it would have, in just the same proportion as spared, detracted from the value of the pages of the Repository. We are now more satisfied than ever, that by unceasing labor only can a magazine worthy of public patronage be produced. We have also to say that, though an enlargement of twenty-four pages and other changes involving additional labor, have taken place, we have had no additional appropriation to the support of the literary department above that made to our predecessor, nor any additional editorial assistance.

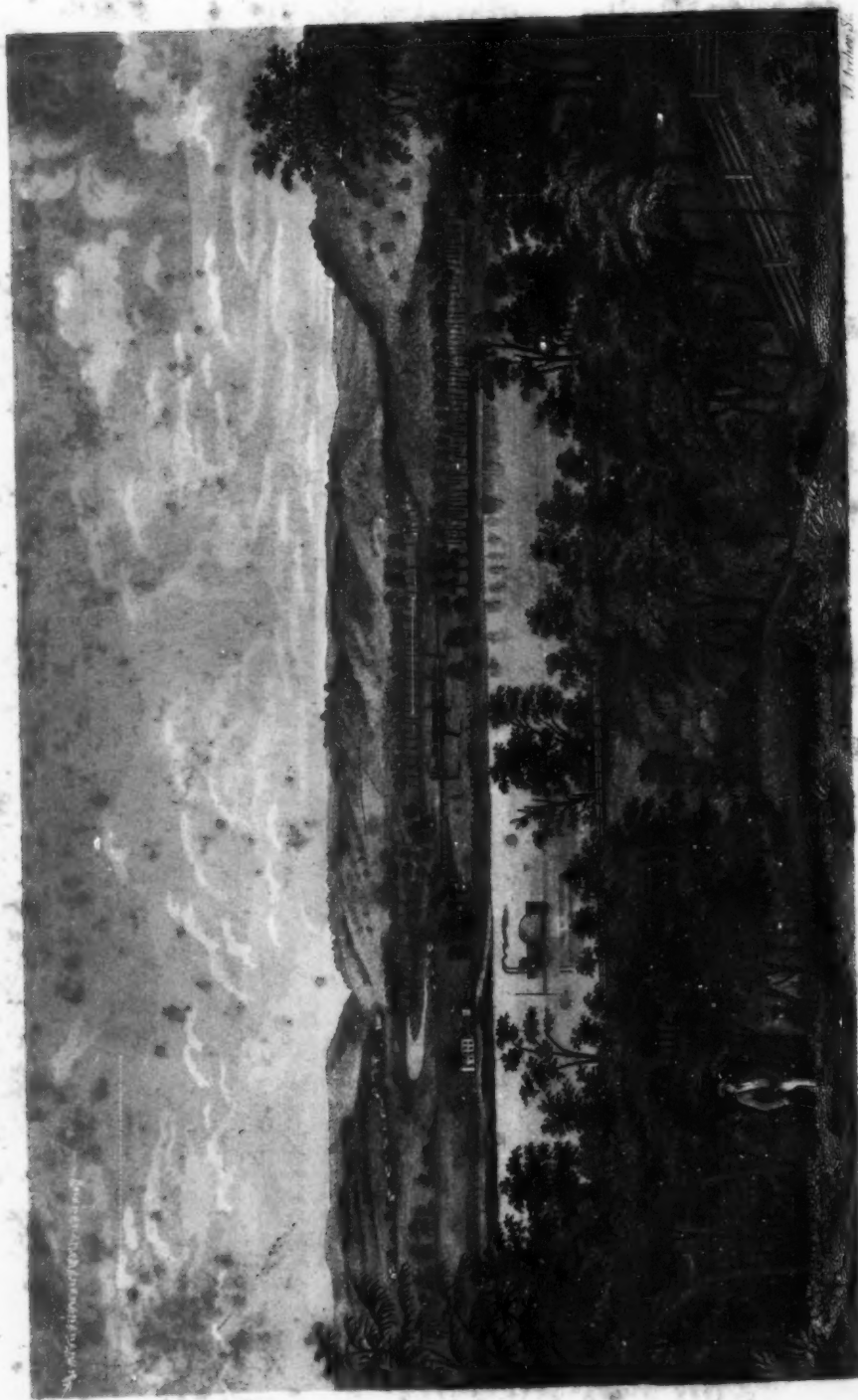
The editor has long been of the opinion that the true mode of extending the circulation of our periodicals is neither by spasmodic effort nor conference speeches, but by making the periodical intrinsically valuable, worth being sought after, adapted to the want it was designed to supply in the literature of the Church. Upon this principle he has acted and upon it depended, with the blessing of God, for success.

Much of an editor's labor, like that of a preacher, is not appreciable by the multitude. A minister stands up in the pulpit for an hour to address the people. What is the labor of that hour—severe as it may be—compared with the hours, if not days, of exhausting mental toil expended in elaborating that discourse before its delivery to the public! And yet all that labor is rarely ever thought of by the public. So with an editor; his incessant poring over badly-written manuscripts—not one-third of which ever see the light, his reading, pruning—re-reading and comparing—all go for naught; for the public forget that he has had any thing to do with any other articles than those which appear in his columns, and they imagine he has had little to do with them besides reading them. It is true that an editor may avoid much of this labor, and so may a minister avoid much of his; but the fact will be made apparent in the character of his work.

Since our connection with the Western Book Concern, as editor of books on the general book catalogue, we have not been unmindful of the claims of that department. No less than nineteen volumes have passed or are now passing through the press under our editorial care. In addition to this, nine book manuscripts have been examined and returned to their authors. Several of the books published have cost us not a little labor. As for instance, "Aspects of Christianity," which we had to purge of the Calvinism that originally marred its symmetry and beauty. So also the "Select London Lectures" cost us not a little reading and labor. But most of all, the series of "Fireside Readings," six volumes, now passing through the press, have cost us much time and labor in the preparation—notwithstanding much material for the work had been gathered years ago.

Such is a brief outline of our editorial labors. Perhaps we have indulged in a little vanity in the proclamation of them. Be it so. We had an object. We wish to silence forever that false and injurious notion which has gone abroad, and is even yet lurking in many places, that an editorship is but little better than a sinecure. We certainly have not yet discovered the art of making it so. And now we close the first—and, for aught we know, the last—period of our editorial labors, cheered with the consciousness that our best efforts have been exerted to meet the responsibilities of the office committed to our trust.





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